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HOLIDAY 2009

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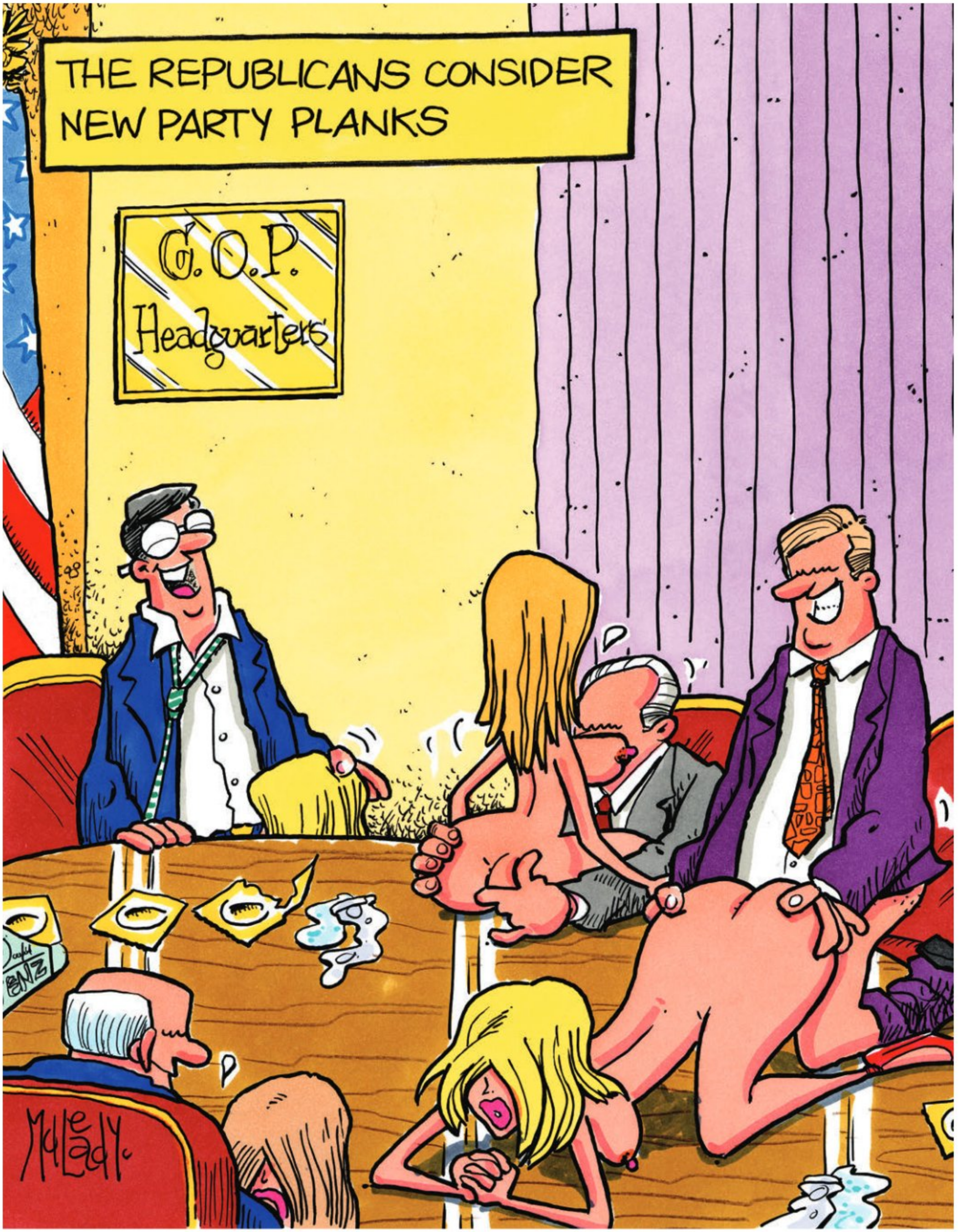
MEL
GIBSON

JODIE
FOSTER

The BEAVER

THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS BEAVER. WELL, NOT *HIS* BEAVER.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad, but there actually is a movie in the works called *The Beaver*. The dark comedy will star the lecherous Gibson and be directed by long-time rumored lesbian Foster. It's about a guy who walks around with a beaver hand puppet that he thinks is real. If Gibson and Foster want the film to be a hit, we suggest replacing the fuzzy puppet with something we all want to put our fingers in.



"Family values, moral authority and abstinence are out. Fucking hot bitches, lying to our wives and hiking the Appalachian Trail are in!"

HUSTLER®

LARRY FLYNT'S
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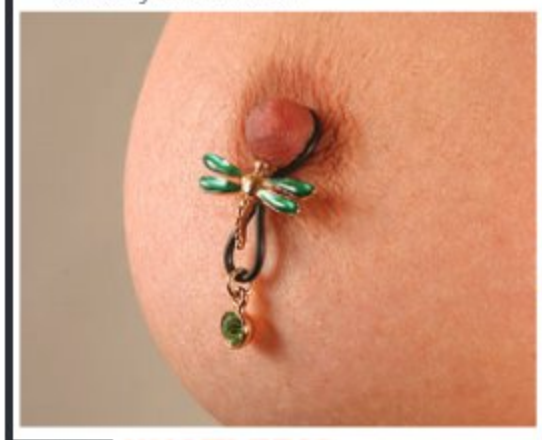

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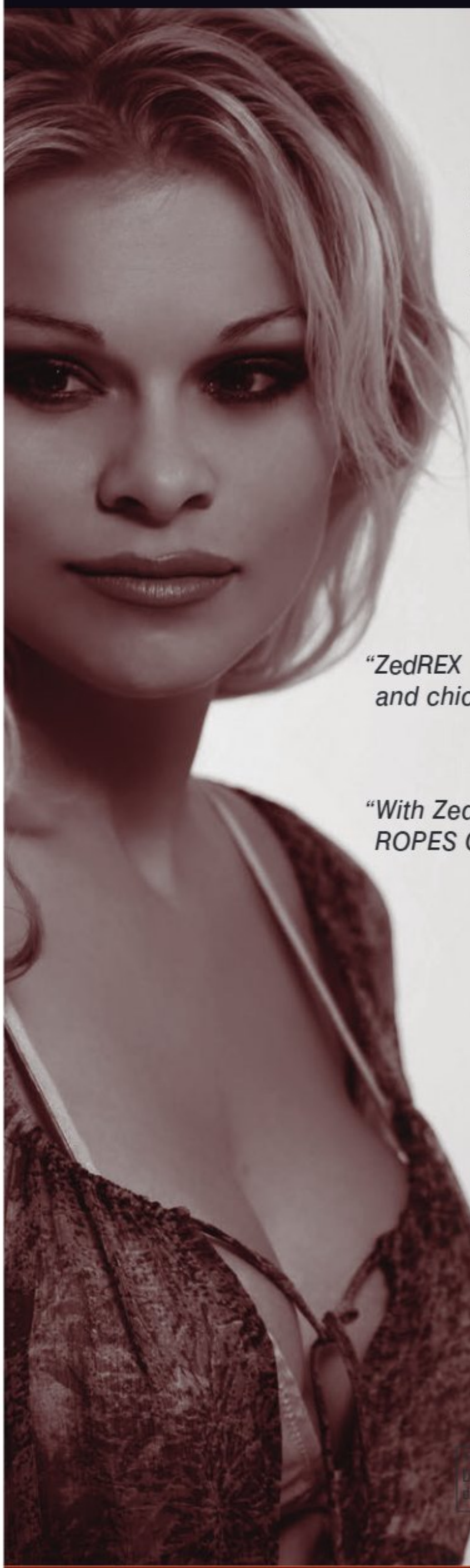
Captivating amateurs

Want a Strong, Healthy Climax?



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Cover photo by Mark Lit/DigitalDesire.com

BITCH-SLAP THE REPUBLICANS

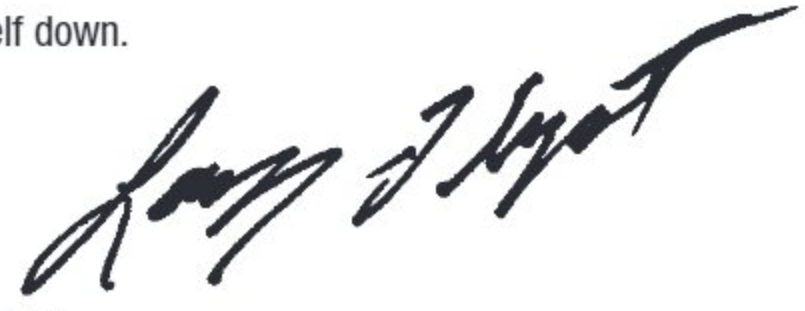
President Obama: You have proven to be a great campaigner. You have yet to demonstrate your ability to govern. Who needs the Republicans? They don't know what compromise is. They're just out to derail your Presidency. Bitch-slap 'em at every opportunity and put them in their place. They lost; you didn't.

As for disloyal Democrats, you need to yank the carpet out from under them. Remind them that their survival is dependent upon yours. Don't pull punches, Mr. President. You need some gonads, and if you don't have any, as Hillary would say, you'd better grow some.

You have failed to keep many campaign promises. You've ignored civil liberty violations such as warrantless wiretapping. You passed a stimulus package that is obviously full of pork for Democrats. You handed over billions more in taxpayer dollars to crooked bankers. You listened to the very people who created our economic meltdown, the Mutt and Jeff team of Larry Summers and Tim Geithner. You've let the insurance lobbyists hijack healthcare reform to the detriment of every man, woman and child in America.

You must say what you mean and mean what you say. Closing Guantanamo means just that. You could do it right now, Mr. President. You don't have to wait until January. You can place terrorist suspects in the federal correctional system without creating any risk to our citizens.

You're a nice guy. Everybody likes nice guys. Sometimes they finish last. You don't want that, and neither do those of us who voted you in. The American people have placed their future in your hands. For heaven's sake don't let them down. Don't let yourself down.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

CARDS FOR GUYS

SORRY I CAME IN YOUR MOUTH

GET WELL AND NAKED

FUCK YOU ASSHOLE

MERRY UCKING KMAS

HAPPY BIRTHDAY BITCH

HONEST SHE'S JUST A FRIEND

I THINK I GAVE YOU SOMETHING

HAVE EX

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Better living through gadgets. TECH KNOW

NICE BOX

A lot of speaker systems can be hooked up to your iPod and iPhone, but none blend cutting-edge innovations with museum-quality design like the new **iHome Studio Series iP1**. Blasting out 100 watts of power, the sleek and stylish unit is the first of its kind to utilize Bongiovi Acoustics' patented Digital Power Station technology, which restores full sound to MP3s and other compressed audio files. Compatible with all iPods and iPhones (including the recent 3G), the **iP1** brings studio-quality sound to your home without the bulky equipment and high price tag.

Available at ***iHomeAudio.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.99.

PANDORA'S BOX

Did you know there are over 11,000 free Internet radio stations out there right now? Did you know all you need is a Pandora account to gain access to a world of music, talk and more? It's true. The new **Livio Radio** makes those online audio streams available to anyone, anywhere, at the touch of a button. The easy-to-set-up-and-use radio lets you listen to Pandora in the home, without a computer or any other handheld electronic device. Plus, its simple design doesn't complicate things with needless extra buttons and knobs. Get **Livio**! Get rockin'!

Wanna rock for free? We know you do! You can enter to win a free **Livio Radio**. See details at right.

Available at ***LivioRadio.com***. Suggested retail price: $179.99.

DRINK IT IN

If you read HUSTLER on a regular basis, you know all about the dangers in our tap water. To avoid them, most people buy bottled water, which not only is much more expensive, but may contain harmful impurities. (The government is conducting studies in that regard.) So how do you get clean, safe drinking water? The **Zuvo Water Purator** is a revolutionary system that goes beyond normal filtration, utilizing both ozone and ultraviolet light plus a charcoal filter to treat and clean everyday tap water.

The patented five-step process replicates nature's water-cleansing process to give you the most delicious, contaminant-free water around. Remember, you are what you eat—and drink.

Available at ***ZuvoWater.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.99.

3-D DELIVERED

The line between fantasy and reality blurs for gamers using ViewSonic's new **FuHzion** monitor. Boasting the ultimate in stereoscopic 3-D graphics, it features an amazing, pure 120Hz frame rate combined with speedy 3ms video response for immaculate, blur-free motion and unprecedented 3-D rendering. No lag time here! This is the perfect screen to provide fully immersive and ultrarealistic PC gameplay.

The monitor can also be used as a standard computer screen, but why the hell would you want to do that when you can blow your mind with eye-popping 3-D action? Get in the game. Get the **FuHzion**.

Because it's the holiday season, and because we like you, we have one **FuHzion** 3-D monitor to give away. See details below.

Available at ***ViewSonic.com***. Suggested retail price: $299.99.

WIN THIS

OR THIS

HAPPY HOLIDAYS TO YOU!

ENTER TO WIN EITHER THE LIVIO RADIO OR FUHZION 3-D MONITOR.

For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address and signature on a postcard) and send it to Holiday Gadget Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ ZIP Code _____

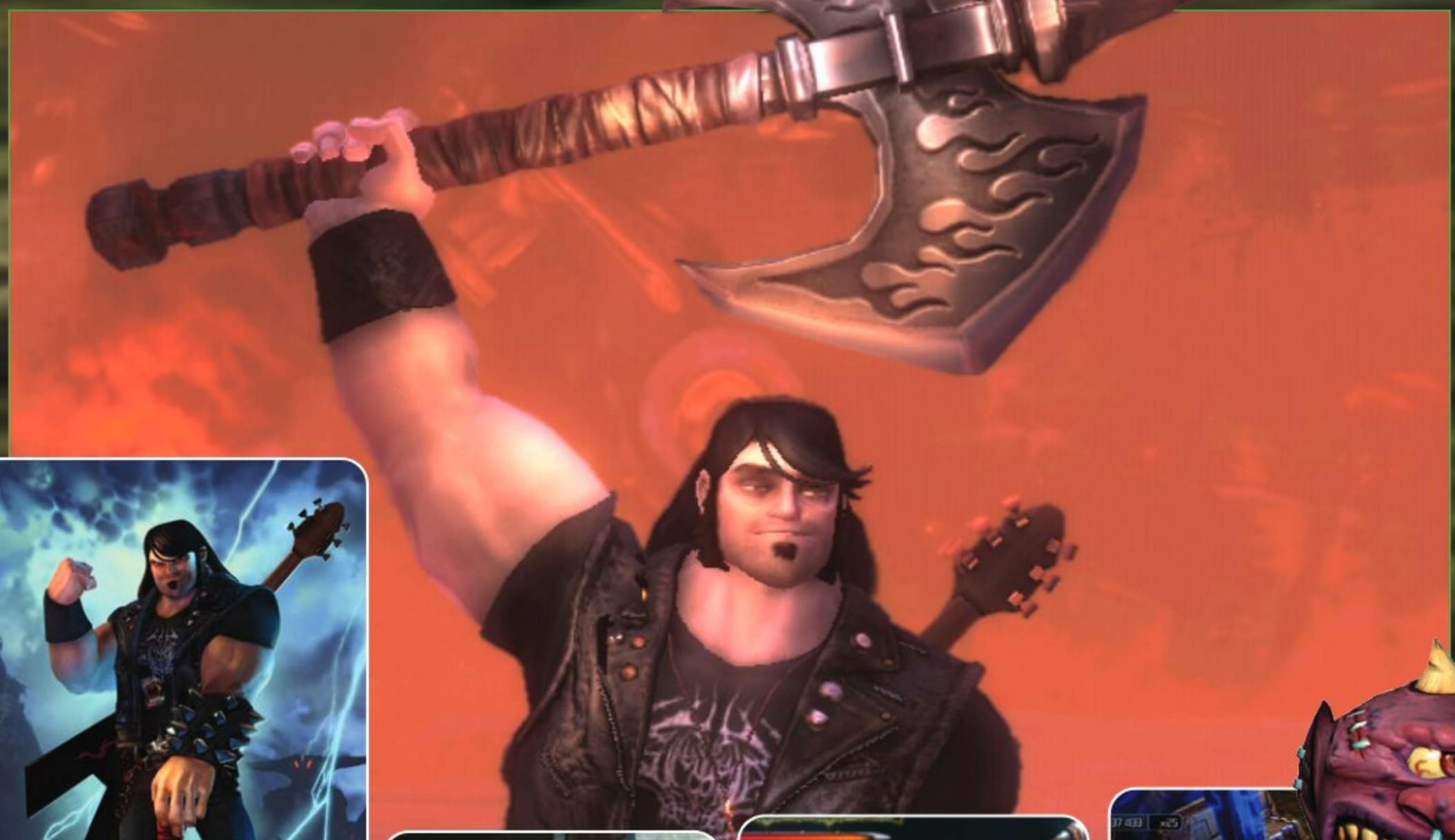
E-mail Address _____

Subscriber (check one) ☐YES ☐NO

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by December 10, 2009. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT



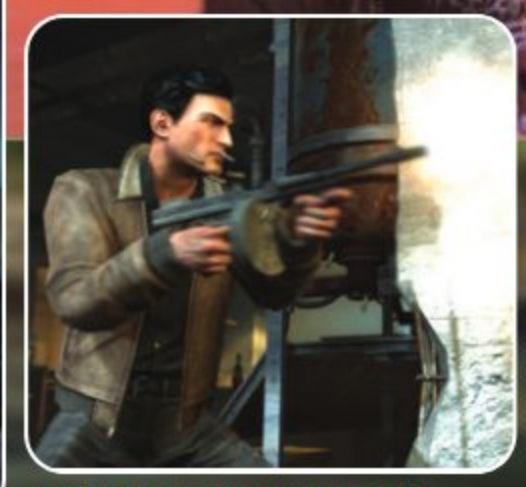
LEGENDS OF ROCK!

Brütal Legend

EA

PS3, Xbox 360

Metalheads, rejoice! Your video game is finally here! As ***Brütal Legend*** unfolds, Eddie Riggs—a "roadie's roadie"—is magically transported back in time to a primitive world. Armed with a killer ax (it shoots, cuts and rocks), Riggs must fight the evil emperor Doviculus and his disgusting demons in order to survive. This fast-paced combat game blends supercharged moves with hilarity thanks to actor Jack Black, who provides the voice of Eddie Riggs. ***Brütal Legend*** is kickass!



FUGGETABOUTIT!

Mafia II

2K Games

PS3, Xbox 360

Set between 1945 and 1955, this stylish, realistic shooter picks up where the popular ***Mafia*** game left off. The graphics have such a cinematic feel, you'll swear you're trapped in a Martin Scorsese film. Playing ***Mafia II***, you are once again thrust into the dark and unforgiving world of the Mob. As Vito, the son of a poor Italian immigrant, you choose the only way out of poverty you know: You join "the Family" and make your bones while earning the respect of top wiseguys. Just don't get whacked!

SLICE & DICE

Undead Knights

Tecmo

PSP

The PSP is a lot of fun, and you can't beat the portability, but let's be honest: Most of the games created for the unit lack real action. Enter ***Undead Knights***, a blood-and-guts-packed spectacle designed exclusively for the PSP. You are a sexy antihero raping and pillaging your way through a tattered landscape rife with death. Along the way you assemble an army of diabolical minions (most long-dead zombies) to do your nasty business. ***Undead Knights*** is a bloody-good time!

BALLBUSTERS

Madballs in Babo: Invasion

Playbrains

Online Only

Remember Madballs? The crazy and supergross 1980s toys with names like "Magmor" and "Hornhead"? Well, they're back! Seriously. And now they have their own cool online video game at **Playbrains.com/Babo**, where you get to shoot it out. Think *Marble Mania* with guns. Don't worry about finishing too quickly. Playbrains, the developer, has promised to make daily improvements, tweaks and additions as the game rolls along. Grab life by the balls. ***Madballs***, that is!

Stupid Meddling

U.S. SUPPORT FOR ISLAMIC "FREEDOM FIGHTERS" DECADES AGO ENDED SECULAR RULE IN AFGHANISTAN, OPPRESSED ITS WOMEN AND NURTURED TERRORISM ON AMERICAN SOIL.

That men tend to be sexual pigs—dumb, tasteless and exploitative in the extreme—is a self-evident proposition needing no further amplification in this venue. The sources of male oppression regarding sex can be found in both the more brutish demands of Darwinian survival and the endorsement of such behavior in the scripture of the world's dominant religions. The march of civilization is primarily about freeing women, and hence the human spirit, from those primitive male instincts. We obviously have a long way to go.

But as long as those obnoxious male impulses find outlets with totally willing and fully empowered adult partners, it can be treated largely as a matter of consenting private taste, like the tolerance of high heels as the modern socially acceptable, if still perverse, equivalent of bound feet, and not within the just purview of any government supervision. It is fundamentally different when the power of government is used to justify male sexual fascism, and that is the enduring legacy of the U.S. pretense of liberating the women of Afghanistan in the name of exporting democracy to that nation.

In one of the ugliest charades in the always-bogus U.S. effort to conceal conquest with the cover of democracy, the U.S.-backed leader of Afghanistan officially legalized the sexual slavery of women in order to gain the support of religious fundamentalists for his recent reelection campaign. First, President Hamid Karzai—embraced as his country's savior by both Bush and Obama—pushed through a law requiring a woman to have sex with her husband at least once every four days and made that obligation a searing reality by legalizing rape within the confines of marriage.

Only after worldwide protests did Karzai come up with the PR spin that instead of rape, the husband will be allowed to starve his wife, even to death, by withholding food until she submits sexually. The new law also reaffirms the traditional demands of the post-Taliban theocrats who still rule Afghanistan that a husband's permission is required for a woman to work outside the home and that fathers and grandfathers have exclusive power over the fate of children, which traditionally has also permitted selling girls into forced marriage or more blatant forms of prostitution.

With the defeat of the Russian-backed Afghan secularists, the Taliban came to power, and with them a secure base of operation for their fellow Islamic fanatics imported from the Arab world—bin Laden and his al-Qaeda.

This is the freedom prize that American soldiers have died for. And it has been so ever since President Jimmy Carter embraced the insane notion, three decades ago, of backing the Islamic fundamentalists in Afghanistan who were trying to overthrow the secularists who had seized power in Kabul and were dramatically extending the rights of women. Carter's successor, Ronald Reagan—who was incapable of thinking of the world in other than Cold War terms—declared that the Muslim fanatics were "freedom fighters" and gave them the full backing of American war toys, including deadly Stinger rockets that were particularly effective in bringing down civilian aircraft as well as more obviously military targets.

With the defeat of the Russian-backed Afghan secularists, the Taliban came to power, and with them a secure base of operation for their fellow Islamic fanatics imported from the Arab world—bin Laden and his al-Qaeda. You wouldn't know it from all the blather on cable news, but the one indisputable fact of the terrorist attacks of 9/11 is that the key perpetrators were originally recruited by America's CIA, acting under Reagan's authority, to go fight the Soviets in Afghanistan. The main reason that we have never had public trials of the terrorists kept in Guantanamo is that they would tell that story of their journey from Reagan-approved freedom fighters to World Trade Center terrorists for the entire world to hear.

Yet, as even the carefully doctored report of the Presidential 9/11 Commission makes clear, both bin Laden and Khalid Sheikh Mohammed—the architect of the 9/11 attacks—were brought to Afghanistan as part of Reagan's anti-Soviet crusade. They are monsters of our creation, and new ones have been created every day that our mad involvement in Afghanistan continues under subsequent U.S. Presidents.

Barack Obama was elected on a promise of ending such stupid meddling but soon exacerbated it with the commitment of tens of thousands more U.S. troops. And like the five Presidents who preceded him and every other invader of the craggy, forlorn outpost of a nation, the longer he insists on staying with this occupation, the worse it will get for the Afghan people and the U.S. troops used as pawns in this historically tragic game.

The situation for women was far better four decades ago before we poked our snout into their business. We must stop pretending that we are always on the side of the angels and admit that we, through blundering intrusions into other people's history, have abetted rapists and worse.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

"He never should have fired the elves and outsourced all the Christmas gifts to China. He died of lead poisoning from the paint on the toys."

Our Humpty Dumpty President

BY COUNTERMANDING CAMPAIGN PROMISES, HAS BARACK OBAMA BECOME AS IMPERIOUS AS A KING?

I often reread sections of Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass* because Carroll, like George Orwell (*1984*) wrote ahead of his time. When, for example, I hear Barack Obama so eloquently repeating that "transparency and the rule of law will be the touchstone of this administration," and otherwise pledging allegiance to "American values," his actual contrary actions remind me of Humpty Dumpty—before his fall—imperiously saying to Alice: "When *I* use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

We will continue to get from Obama, as we did from George W. Bush, a flow of polluted signing statements.

The always-hip Alice responds: "The question is whether you *can* make words mean so many different things."

"The question," Humpty Dumpty rebukes her, "is which is to be master—that's all."

In the seventh month of the Obama Presidency the Defense Department's general counsel, Jeh Johnson, speaking for the commander in chief, told a Senate hearing that whenever a terrorism suspect is finally given a trial, the President has the unilateral power—*even if there is an acquittal*—to imprison a "dangerous" suspect indefinitely. Obama calls this "prolonged detention." An American value?

Back in 1987, Justice Thurgood Marshall insisted: "Our Constitution can shelter us forever against the dangers of such unchecked power." He couldn't anticipate Barack Obama.

Then the press suddenly disclosed that Dick Cheney had ordered the CIA to not inform Congressional intelligence committee leaders for eight years about a supersecret operation so startling that Obama's new CIA head, Leon Panetta, the day after he heard about it, rushed over to brief the proper committees in closed session.

Democrats in the House—angry at Cheney's violation of the National Security Act of 1947, which requires Congress to be informed of intelligence agencies' plans that could scandalize us around the world—wrote an amendment that would prevent this from ever happening again. What was President Obama's reaction? He insisted he would veto such an amendment as interfering with his supreme authority to protect national security.

However, as California Democrat Anna Eshoo—a member of the House Intelligence Committee—insisted: "If we do not get the proper information, how can we conduct oversight, which we are responsible for in the oath that we take, as well as shaping policy based on that information?"

During his "Yes, we can!" campaign our President assured us that he would restore the rule of law so degraded by the Bush-Cheney administration. One of the most notorious of George W. Bush's contempts for the Constitutional separation of powers was his use—more than any previous President—of "signing statements" by which he refused to obey sections of laws he had just signed.

In 2009 Democratic members of the House, with considerable Republican support, had included in the $106-billion war supplemental bill a provision to instruct the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund to strengthen environmental and labor standards.

As he signed that bill in June, Obama added a signing statement that he would flatly ignore those provisions because they would "interfere with my Constitutional authority to conduct foreign relations" by requiring his consultation with Congress "in negotiations or discussions with international organizations." Louis XIV used to say, "I am the state!"

This was too much for Obama's own party. Speaking "on behalf of this democracy," Congressman Barney Frank (D-Massachusetts) railed against this "unilateralism [and these] undemocratic…signing statements."

But what could these Constitutional Democrats and Republicans do to teach Obama and future arrogant Presidents a lesson? As reported by Walter Alarkon at **Portside.org**—and hardly anywhere else—Frank and Republican Mark Kirk of Illinois did find a way. Congress could refuse to fund the President's priorities in that signing statement.

And overwhelmingly the House passed an amendment "to nullify Obama's signing statement by withholding funds from any agreement involving the Treasury Department that doesn't follow the conditions set out in the supplemental bill" which King Obama signed—but with a curt refusal to obey certain sections.

I thought I'd see this historic rebuke to Obama—that would have cheered Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, among most of the other Founders—on the front pages of newspapers and all over the Internet. But I didn't, and I expect we will continue to get from Obama, as we did from George W. Bush, a flow of polluted signing statements.

Another enlightened warning I turn to often is this fiery core of Orwell's *Politics and the English Language*: "Political language…is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable…and to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind." Particularly, imperiously misleading political language from kings or even democratically elected Presidents of this republic.

If we ever get civics classes back into the schools, a vividly illustrated course in political language throughout our history—Senator Joseph McCarthy's and J. Edgar Hoover's, for instance—could help turn students into attentive and active citizens. We don't have enough now.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

SHE'S ALWAYS BITCHING ABOUT MY DICK BEING TOO SMALL.

ADAM, IF I GIVE YOU A BIGGER DICK, SHE WOULD JUST FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO BITCH ABOUT.

WINNERS

Sorry to Disagree, Reverend

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT AL SHARPTON'S RE-WRITING OF BLACK-ENTERTAINMENT HISTORY

Did you hear? Michael Jackson is dead! Saying goodbye to him lasted longer than most modern-day pop stars' careers. What bothered me was not the adulation of Jackson's massive talents, but rather the things attributed to him at the expense of others.

The always-bombastic Reverend Al Sharpton, in one of his many flowery accolades, talked about Jackson breaking down doors, making it possible for Barack Obama to become President and Tiger Woods to become a golf legend. By the time he singled Jackson out as the first African-American crossover artist, Sharpton had proved he knows absolutely nothing about black-entertainment history.

Jackson's debut album was titled *Diana Ross Presents the Jackson 5*. The Supremes were a crossover act that appealed as much to whites as to blacks, and they certainly came first. In fact, the whole Motown sound was intended to appeal to whites.

When I was a teenager in the '50s in a predominantly white suburb of San Francisco, black artists were already crossing over. Fats Domino, who had more hit singles than Elvis Presley, was a notable favorite, and so were Little Richard and Lloyd Price of "Stagger Lee" fame. These entertainers even played white venues across the country. I remember my local movie theater presenting the Coasters to an all-white audience long before Michael was even a zygote.

The most important black artist of that time had to be Chuck Berry. I remember seeing Berry on the very white *American Bandstand* doing "School Days." He even suffered racism, getting jailed for crossing state lines with a white woman.

Going back even farther, let's not forget Nat King Cole. Besides being the single reason for the success of Capitol Records, he was the first African American to host a network TV program. Premiering on NBC in 1956, *The Nat King Cole Show*, never able to gain national advertising, was canceled a year later. *Julia*, an NBC sitcom starring Diahann Carroll, fared somewhat better, running three seasons from 1968 through 1971.

Preceding *Julia* was *Amos 'n' Andy*, the most misunderstood TV program of all time. The comedy show, which originated on radio in 1928, was created by Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll, two white men. Set in black America, it featured the characters of Amos, owner of the Sunshine Cab Company, and his somewhat-bumbling pal Andrew H. Brown. After it made the leap from a 15-minute nightly serial to a weekly half-hour format in 1943, it became without doubt the most popular program in radio history. (Sorry, Howard.)

Except for Gosden and Correll (who played the leading roles), the cast was entirely African-American. Back then that was remarkable.

When *Amos 'n' Andy* went to TV, Gosden and Correll felt it would be wrong for the title characters to be played in blackface. They had tried it once in a film—Gosden called it "the worst movie ever"—and vowed to never do so again. So black actors Alvin Childress and Spencer Williams became the show's new leads.

This made *Amos 'n' Andy* the first TV show with an all-black cast. Although some of the characters were typical over-the-top sitcom types (think Lucy), many played lawyers and doctors—professions never before represented by blacks. Amos himself was no buffoon or "Uncle Tom," just a hardworking, devoted family man. For the first time black Americans could see themselves on TV.

Advertisers pulled out after two years, sending the show into syndication until 1965, when pressure from the NAACP forced *Amos 'n' Andy* from the airwaves. It's remained off the air ever since. I've always felt this to be a great injustice. Regarding racial stereotypes, the show was no worse than some of the black sitcoms of Tyler Perry and others.

Finally, I must mention someone neither you nor the good Reverend Sharpton probably know about. His name was Oscar Micheaux, the first black film director. With a career spanning the silents and sound, film historians call him one of the world's finest directors, but because most of his films were relegated to the "Chitlin' Circuit," he goes largely unrecognized. Working mostly in the black independent film business, Micheaux nonetheless broke down barriers by becoming the first African American to have at least a few films shown in white movie theaters.

So, Reverend Al, remember that in defending Michael Jackson, you were dismissing all the black people who came before, those who fought and suffered to get their craft accepted by the larger, white audience. To imply that he broke down the doors is to deny his predecessors their due. In reality, Jackson just walked through the door they had already broken down.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

"I started out doing a few magazine shoots, then some exotic dancing, which soon led to porn films...and now I'm district attorney!"

Desperately Seeking Christmas

GIVEN THE WAY CHRISTIANS SQUEEZE PROFIT FROM THIS HOLIDAY, YOU'D ALMOST EXPECT THE BABY JESUS TO SQUEAL.

Christmas has been clanging in your head for months. You can hear it, see it and smell it. While advertising starts by Labor Day—or Halloween at the latest—the final mad slide toward December 25 begins in earnest the day after Thanksgiving. Merchants ratchet up the frenzy with announcements of slashed prices and sales: toys for the kids, lovelies for the ladies, power tools and slippers for the guys.

Christmas carols are blaring, lights wink, and tinsel glitters. Feel-good stories abound on the evening news. But is there any meaning to the colorful, sticky-sweet blather? Is it really about peace on Earth and goodwill toward men or just another notch on the annual GDP?

By now everyone knows Jesus was not born on December 25, 0000, right? Depending on what account you read, the Jewish lad from Nazareth who would so dramatically change the world was born sometime in late September or early spring probably between 4 B.C. and 7 B.C. The exact date is lost in the sands of time.

We celebrate Christmas on December 25 because the early Church had big problems with attendance. Pagan Romans of the day weren't so sure that Christians' stern God with all his rules and regulations was all that much fun. To solve the problem, Emperor Constantine, a recent convert, decreed that the celebration of Christ's birth would coincide with Saturnalia—a pagan holiday marked by feasting and gift-giving—during the week of the winter solstice.

Following Jesus's crucifixion, His disciples began turning Him into a worldwide brand—the religious equivalent of Kentucky Fried Chicken. Peter founded the Catholic Church, arguing with Paul and the other apostles over dietary laws and circumcision. ("Stop already with the circumcision, Pete! We're telling these pagans no more Saturnalia partying. Let's not make conversion any more difficult by threatening to cut *that* off!")

Allowed to keep their foreskins, more and more pagans converted. Before long the pews were full, and so were the offering plates. The evolving hierarchy of the priesthood no doubt saw this burgeoning wealth as a very good thing for the Church—and for them.

It has become an annual cliché to moan over the commercialization of Christmas, but to search for some meaning in the holiday you must shovel aside the militant selling conducted in the name of the Prince of Peace. This is largely the invention of European Christians.

Always interested in a quick buck, they never thought twice about making a graveyard of any country that refused to either trade with them or allow them to buy or steal resources they could trade with someone else. (We're talking things like tea, coffee and cocoa, not to mention that very profitable trade item for hundreds of years—slaves.)

Europeans had a grand time trying and failing to rule the world with trade. Americans, who stalwartly refuse to learn any lessons from history, continue to try to do the same thing. Being pretty much a Christian bunch, Europeans and Americans gleefully latched onto the profit motive in Christmas, giving us today's Yuletide merchandising orgy.

Perhaps this is as it should be. It's their religion after all, so Christians should get the Christmas they deserve.

If you're a devout Christian, you'll be solidly, foursquare on the side of Jesus and the religious meaning of the holiday. If, on the other hand, you are one of those people who actually enjoys its commercial aspect, you'll be cheering for the swagfest. Why not? People like to buy stuff. Moreover, while people like to give gifts, what they really like is to *get* them.

I have this nagging feeling that there ought to be something more to the whole jingle-bells, deck-the-halls, I-saw-mommy-kissing-Santa Claus thing than just store-bought eggnog and presents stacked under a tree. Perhaps it's a 2,000-year-old memory of those ancient Saturnalia festivals on the shortest day of the year—celebrating the end of the growing darkness and the beginning of the growing light that eventually leads to springtime.

PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

There is no reason why a secular Christmas can't have as much meaning as a religious one. Peace, generosity, goodwill toward others, families coming together—these ideals are shared by other great religions, as well as by people of intelligence and compassion everywhere.

This Christmas, as we wander around the crater of our crashed economy searching for pieces of the shattered America that was, the materialism of previous holiday seasons seems out of reach. That could be for the best because it gives us all a chance to search our hearts for what is meaningful about Christmas and, ultimately, what is meaningful in ourselves.

Mamie Van Doren starred in such "bad girl" films as *Untamed Youth*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*. The zesty seventysomething wrote the tell-all autobiography *Playing the Field* and continues to chronicle her amazing life at **MamieVanDoren.com**.

FEEDBACK

Tortured Soul

With Mancow being the latest reactionary loudmouth to admit that waterboarding is torture [*You Can Lead a Mancow to Waterboarding But...*, October '09], can we finally move on from the question of whether it is or not to why in the hell are we doing this?

Not even torture enthusiasts have been able to produce any actual evidence that torture produces reliable intelligence. In fact, there's more evidence that it is only good for getting false confessions and lies. People will say just about anything to get the pain to stop. Rough guy Mancow didn't last more than five seconds on the waterboard.

Honest interrogators have testified that the best results come from gaining the trust and understanding of the interviewee, what's called "rapport building." That's how you get real information.

If the military and CIA goons want to go on torturing, let them admit that they're only doing it to terrorize potentially noncompliant populations and for their own sadistic pleasure. Let's see what support they can build with that.

In my personal opinion, people who back torture do so to see their own power trips and revenge fantasies enacted on supposed enemies. That's pretty obvious from how emotional they get when they talk about it.

We would also do well to remember that, historically, societies turn more brutal when they sense that they are on the verge of losing their power. If we don't wise up and reclaim some dignity and honor, one day the tables will turn, and Americans will get a taste of their own medicine.

—C.H.
Batavia, New York

Living Memorial

I was saddened to read that '70s porn queen Marilyn Chambers had passed. She was a great XXX star!

I like that HUSTLER is the kind of magazine that gives me news, political views, humor and plenty of nude perfect 10s carrying on the work of legends like Chambers. Angelina Ash [October '09], for instance. She's finger-lickin' good all right!

Marilyn may be gone, but as far as I'm concerned, the Golden Age of Porn never ended. Can't wait for the next issue. **—Mike Breedlove**
McLeansville, North Carolina

Dicking Around

So there I am, reading along in the October ['09] issue of HUSTLER, enjoying the stories, cartoons and chicks as usual. I get to the layout *Getting Fucked by the Legal System* with Vanity and Janine.

I say to myself, *These ladies are nice*, and begin to thoroughly enjoy the pictures, if you know what I mean. I'm turning the pages slowly when I notice something looks a little suspicious in Vanity's private area. A couple of pictures later I suddenly realize I'm gazing at Janine sucking off Vanity!

Well, to make a long story short, I did not let any of my phobias get in the way. I stuck in there, all the way to the layout's glorious climax.

Thanks for that peek into a world we don't get to see too often out here in Buttfuck, Idaho. Mind you, I'm not about to walk around town saying, "Hey, everybody, I whacked off to a tranny today!" But I got to admit, it's interesting finding things out about yourself that you never knew. **—Anonymous**
Somewhere in Idaho

Beautiful Mind

Mamie Van Doren's article on America's war addiction [*Vietnam vs. Iraq*, September '09] was right on the mark. I can't tell you how happy I was to see that one of our greatest sex symbols also has some serious smarts and is using them to weigh in on the issues of the day. It is seriously hip that you guys have Mamie onboard. I'll be reading her column every month! **—L.W.**
San Diego, California

Readers agree: October's Angelina Ash was "born for porn."

Blessed Beaver

I was a Beaver in your April '09 issue. Thanks for the opportunity. It was great to see myself in the magazine. Hubby thought it was awesome too. He showed everyone!

I am now pregnant and wanted to know if I could send more pictures your way. I've seen a couple of pregnant women in HUSTLER [Tiffany Mynx, August '07; and '80s model Marlene, revisited in July '09] and thought it was the neatest thing ever! **—Savannah**
Butlerville, Indiana

Tell hubby to grab his camera.

All Sex, All the Time

I was wondering if you were going to make the All-Sex Issue a regular publication. I pulled out my copy the other day and enjoyed myself immensely. How can I make sure I don't miss the next one? **—Greg Nelson**
Seattle, Washington

Our next All-Sex Issue goes on sale at newsstands on December 29, just in time for New Year's!

Scary Good

I recently renewed my subscription and got two free DVDs in the bargain. One of the discs was good, but the second one was great: *This Ain't the Munsters XXX*! Herman hammers Lily until the cows come home. A giant fuckfest. You guys really outdid yourselves this time.

—Gregory Podsada
Trevor, Wisconsin

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

HALLIBURTON

It's a Sexy Job

We are looking for new workers to help us in Afghanistan and Iraq. What's in it for you? High pay and amazing benefits, including the ability to lie, steal, murder and our latest perk—rape!

We protected several members of our team in Baghdad after they allegedly drugged and gang-raped a 22-year-old female employee named Jamie Leigh Jones. For starters, we kept Jones in a storage container and threatened to fire her if she said anything. Then we were able to keep her story out of the press for almost five years. Oh, sure, Jones is now suing us, but we'll keep that tied up in the courts for years to come. Join us!

And, ladies, we also have plenty of openings for you… if you can keep your mouth shut.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is a political parody about an evil company that continues to play by its own rules at the expense of innocent people, including Americans. For more information, check out **JamiesFoundation.com** and **CorporateWatch.org**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Liz Cheney

Just as an apple doesn't fall far from the tree, a turd doesn't fall far from the asshole. Liz Cheney, the oldest daughter of former VP Dick Cheney, is living proof of this maxim. Rather than slink off into the sunset with her disgraced (and hopefully soon-to-be-indicted) father, she insists on defending at least some of his crimes.

First, she's ignored Dick Cheney's push for the war with Iraq after falsely claiming it had been involved in the 9/11 attacks. She ignores that her father gave his former employer—a company in which he still held stock—no-bid contracts so it could charge our troops stationed in Iraq $7 for a bottle of soda while killing some of them as they showered. (Twelve soldiers were electrocuted as the result of shoddy wiring provided by a Halliburton subsidiary.)

Liz has ignored the way Dad cozied up to his business pals when "fixing" California's 2001 energy crisis. The government's revamped energy policy drove California into bankruptcy, helped wreck the country's economy and still threatens the survival of the planet.

But let's overlook those crimes (the press has) and concentrate on the ones Liz has been defending. In a major media blitz, the dark seed has been staunchly denying charges her daddy authorized the torturing of prisoners at Abu Ghraib, Guantanamo Bay and elsewhere. Here's her reasoning: "The notion that this [Obama] administration is…going to prosecute brave men and women who carried out this program…is un-American…somebody taking office and then starting to prosecute people who carried out policies they disagreed with."

Here's the problem, Liz: These policies violated our own laws as well as international treaties signed by us. They also cost us the respect of the world while putting our own military personnel at risk. After all, if we can torture suspected al Qaeda operatives, al Qaeda (and others) might feel justified in torturing our captured soldiers.

Liz claims the tactics used at Abu Ghraib were not torture, even though our government imprisoned and executed Japanese war criminals convicted of waterboarding captured American soldiers during World War II. "Everything that was done…are tactics that our own people go through in SERE [Survival, Evasion, Resistance and Escape] training," she told MSNBC's Norah O'Donnell. "We did not torture our own people."

Even the Bush Justice Department didn't buy that "if A then B rationale." SERE training, it said, was a "very different" experience from what an Abu Ghraib or Gitmo detainee would experience. Our guys, for example, knew they wouldn't be seriously harmed during the training.

Most importantly, there is absolutely no proof that the torture produced any actionable information, no matter how many times Dick Cheney claims otherwise. But we do know that such information was obtained by competent interrogators who treated their prisoners decently.

But let's be fair. There's something admirable about a feisty daughter defending her dad even if he is responsible for massive death and human suffering. We'd probably dismiss all of Liz's ravings if she weren't poised to run for political office.

Mark our words, Liz Cheney is a comer—quite possibly a future GOP star and (gulp) Presidential candidate. Although low-key during the Bush Administration, she wasn't inactive. On the contrary, Liz, who received a law degree from the University of Chicago—a hotbed of right-wing economic theories—worked in the State Department. Specializing in Near Eastern affairs, she oversaw, among other things, the drafting of Iraq's constitution. Despite the controversy surrounding it, she has cred.

So what can we expect from Liz the politician? Based on her most recent statements, it would be more of what we got from her father. Want proof? She refused to denounce the birthers, the weird group that insists Barack Obama is not an American citizen—even though his birth certificate has been made available, and a birth announcement appeared in two local papers! Worse yet, she challenges Obama's loyalty. "People are…uncomfortable with an American President who seems to be afraid to defend America," Liz told Larry King.

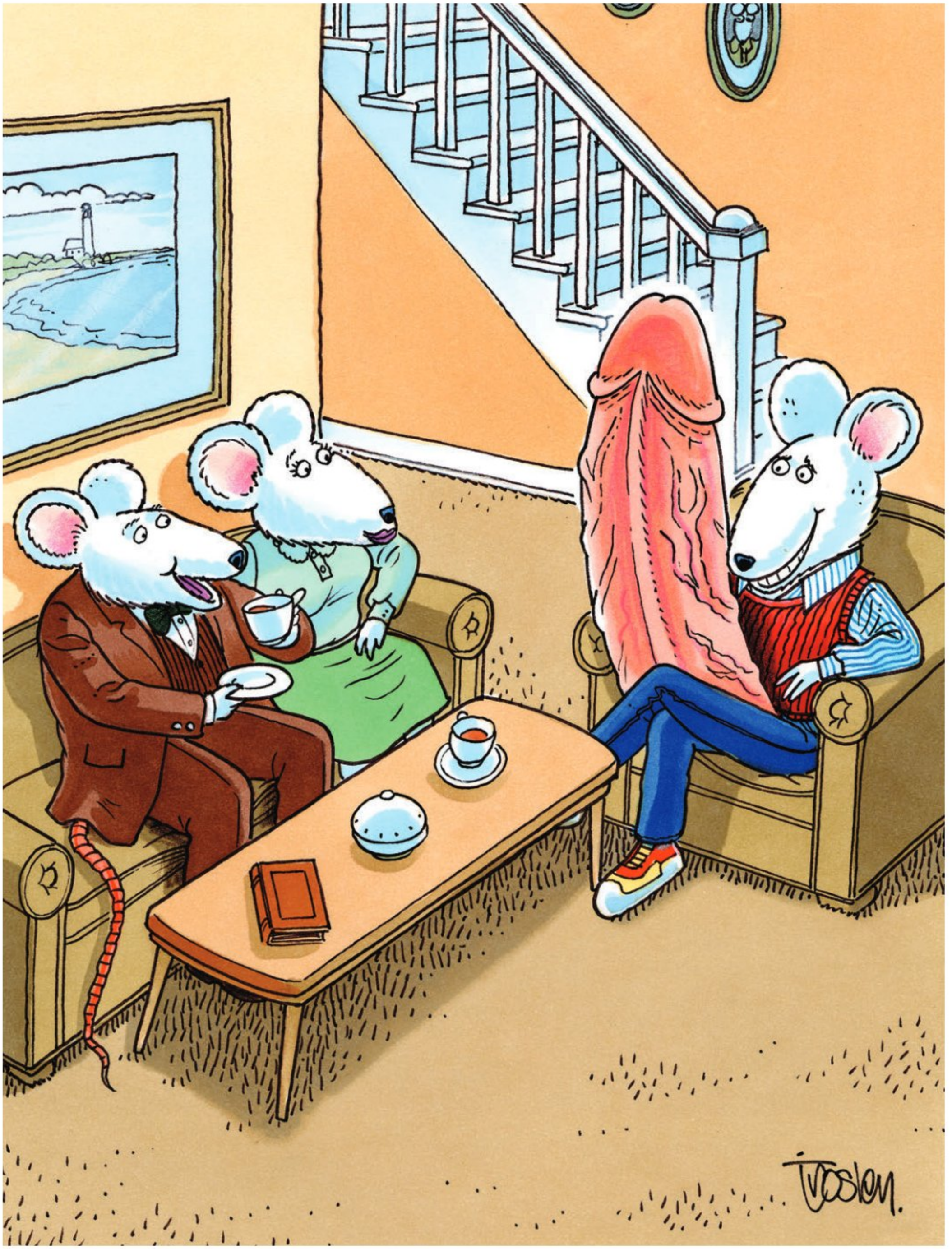
Meanwhile, she opposes the withdrawal of U.S. troops from Iraq, assails rapprochement with Russia, thinks global warming is a left-wing conspiracy to rein in capitalism and fully supports the Bush Administration's fiscal policies, which brought our economy to its knees.

Make no mistake. Like her father, Liz is a member of the superrich ruling class—what FDR referred to as "economic royalists." This powerful group's agenda is to extend its control over the people of America.

If you want to hand over our government to those who do not have your interests at heart, Liz just might be your gal. But if you want to preserve our democracy, believing that the Founding Fathers wisely gave power to the people rather than the bankers and corporations, then you should pray to God that this turd gets flushed down the political toilet.

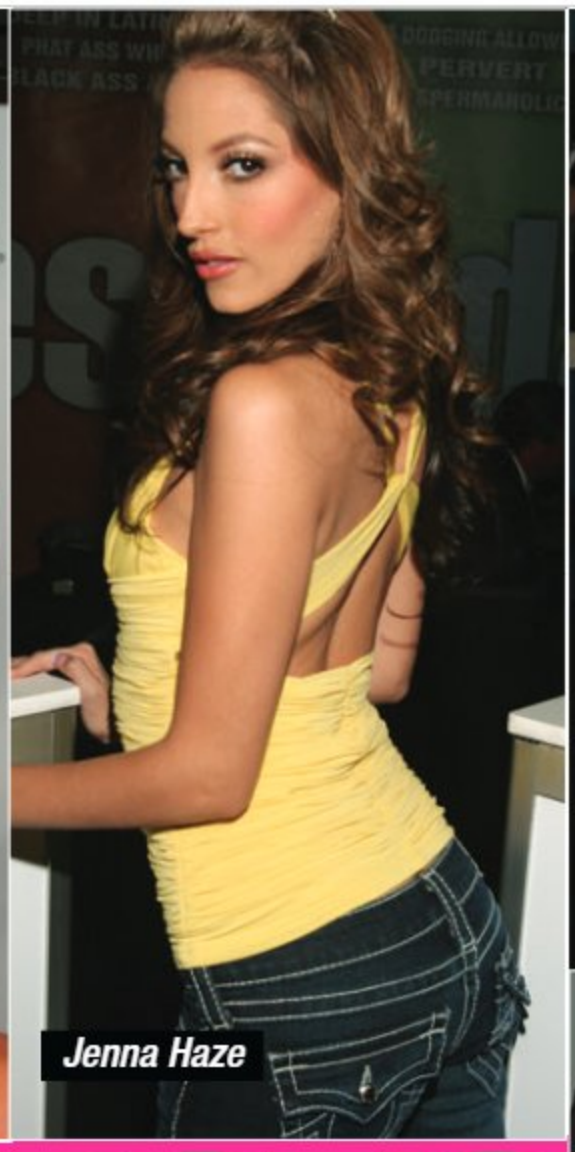
FARTS IN THE WIND

•ERIK PRINCE, the founder and CEO of mercenary contractor Blackwater (now renamed Xe), has finally been slammed with charges. Insiders and witnesses allege that Prince's power abuses include arms smuggling and killing whistleblowers. They also state that Prince, whose company has netted around $1 billion in U.S. military contracts during the Iraq and Afghanistan wars, pictures himself as a Christian supremacist on a "crusade to eliminate Muslims." Prince is just one more example of the criminal Bush Administration enabling and enriching raving psychopaths.



"So our Lisa tells us you have a very good job in a pharmaceutical research lab..."

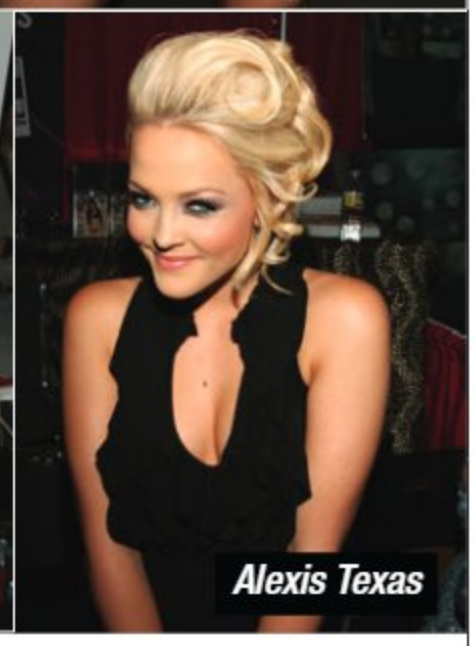
Stormy Daniels


Jenna Haze

Heavenly body

Belladonna nip slip

Kayden Kross and friend


Alexis Texas

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

SO EROTIC

What is Erotica LA?

A: The annual event where porn stars shake the dried-cum-crusted hands of fans while standing behind the safety of velvet ropes.
B: About $100 and four hours of your life gone.
C: The biggest porn star and fan party after AVN.
D: The place you should plan on being next year.
The answer is yours to decide. Oh, and wash your hands!

"What I don't like about office Christmas parties is looking for a job the next day."—PHYLLIS DILLER, COMIC

SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH

What woman doesn't love a meaty seven-incher? This Singaporean ad from Burger King was deemed too hot for U.S. audiences, but we disagree. Thanks to the folks at BK for this month's found porn.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Holiday Tip #1

PORN FROM THE PAST

Here's a nice alternative to hanging mistletoe this holiday season. Thanks to M.H. of Justice, Illinois, for this timely photo.

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

NEWSBITES

Tour de Sex

Hoping to battle the recession and make the planet a little greener, a brothel in Berlin, Germany, is doing its part. Customers who arrive on a bicycle or via public transportation will have five euros (about seven bucks) knocked off the usual fee for a 45-minute sex session. The rebate has relieved traffic and parking congestion around the whorehouse. We suggest it's only a matter of time before Lance Armstrong and his one ball roll in.

Nun of That

An Italian woman is suing her ex-boyfriend after he uploaded nude pictures of her on a Web site. We know what you're saying: So what? Happens every day. Only difference is the pissed-off plaintiff is a 31-year-old nun, who was photographed in the buff before she took vows to serve the Church. Forget TV's flying nun! We'd rather watch a naked nun any day.

Undercover Lover

There are many good reasons to call off a wedding, but this one takes the cake. A British woman pulled the plug on her impending walk down the aisle after she found out her fiancé was a porn star. Raising our eyebrows is the fact that the bride-to-be made the discovery while checking out hard-core videos online for her bachelorette party. The 24-year-old claimed she "had no way of knowing he was an adult actor." Really? The giant cock and ability to pop on demand wasn't a tip-off?

Caged Heat

Love really does know no boundaries. That adage certainly applies to a Chinese zoo, where a wolf and a goat have become unlikely lovers after sharing a cage together. Workers at the zoo, located in Nanchong's White Tower Park, say the pair are inseparable. Let's hope the same thing happens for that scumbag Bernie Madoff and his new cell mate, a 300-pounder named Bubba.

Sign of the Times

Reindeer games, maybe. Cornhole games? No. Sorry, J.T. Thanks to J.M. of Merrillville, Indiana, for supplying this photo.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

SEX MACHINE?

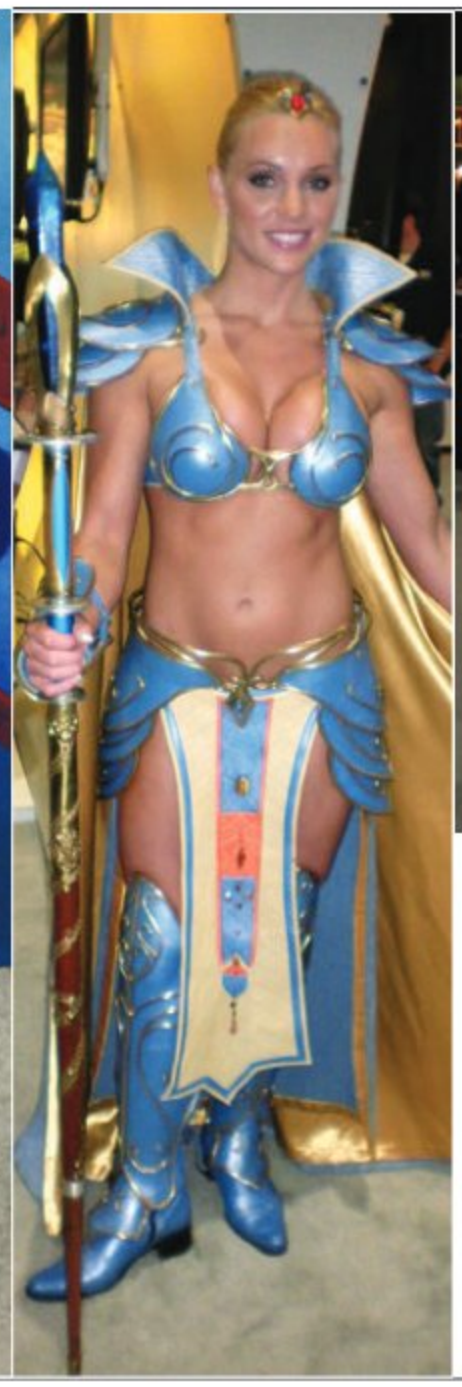
The ad says, "Nothing sells more Hustlers than a Hustler." We're not so sure about that. The naked chicks in Larry Flynt's magazine sure seem to sell a lot of HUSTLERs.

NOTHING SELLS MORE HUSTLERS THAN A HUSTLER.
But don't believe an advertisement.
Go ride any of our competitors' mowers and then visit your local Hustler dealer for a demonstration.
We trust your judgement.
Be sure and ask your dealer about special offers, and low financing available right now!
HUSTLER
HUSTLERTURF.COM • UNCOMMON COMMITMENT

BUCKY BEAVER'S Holiday Tip #3

"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"

"Once again, we come to the holiday season, a deeply religious time that each of us observes, in his own way, by going to the mall of his choice." —DAVE BARRY, HUMORIST



BATTLE OF THE BOOTH BABES

Showcasing the newest in video games, the annual E3 convention in Los Angeles is packed with cutting-edge technology. But who the hell cares about that?! Check out the booth babes!

After being absent for a few years, eye candy made a triumphant return to E3. Hot chicks were dressed up as various video game characters, including secret agents, naughty schoolgirls and sword-wielding killing machines.

Oh, yeah, the video games the ladies were promoting were cool. We think. We spent most of our time hitting on the booth babes.

PHOTOS BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

HIP-HOP HOTTIE

The holidays are a great time to catch up with old friends and loved ones. That's why we're presenting super-stacked porn star/rapper Spantaneeus Xtasty. The only woman ever managed by the late rapper Tupac Shakur has just launched her own Internet radio show, which airs on the last Thursday of each month at PrimeTymeRadio.com. Or you can keep up with Ms. Xtasty at MySpace.com/Spantaneeu.s

BUCKY BEAVER'S Holiday Tip #4

"I couldn't imagine someone like Osama bin Laden understanding the joy of Hanukkah." —GEORGE W. BUSH, FORMER PRESIDENT

JAYDEN COLE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

I Can't Take It Anymore!

NOTE FROM A DISGRUNTLED EDITOR

That's it. I can't take it anymore! Every month I have to write these words here next to the hot girl photos. I just can't do it anymore! Why? Do you realize how hard it is to talk with these girls month after month without ever getting any action? That's right, sex!

When I started this gig, the asshole down the hall told me that doing girl copy would have unbelievable fringe benefits. He said that I could bang the models. He told me stories of all the wild times back in the day. That must have been way back, because here I am five years later and nothing! No backroom blowjobs. No wild orgies. Not even a dry hump at the company Christmas party.

It's not like I'm some hideous-looking guy. Truth is, I got that former-leading-man thing going on. Plus I'm funny. These girls always talk about how they want a guy who can make them laugh. Bullshit! Before HUSTLER hired me, I toured as a successful stand-up comic, and I haven't even gotten so much as a reach-around from one of these chicks. That's it then. I quit! Let some other asshole write this stuff. I'm going to go jerk off to these photos.

JAYDEN COLE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Dana Point, California | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-10 | WEIGHT: 132

The Art of SANDRA CHANG

SandraChang.net

How to Build a Better Orgasm

I lay there like a rag doll—limp, lifeless, letting the man do all the work. He began with my petite, pedicured feet—lapping at the soles, nursing on each toe—before tonguing a line from my left ankle up to my inner thigh. His lips lightly brushed my slick labes, then moved higher to kiss and nip at my smooth pussy mound.

My slit was tingling. My nipples were tight, erect buds. I felt a sensual warmth wash gently over my body. Still I lay there quietly, not moving a muscle. After all, this was *my* fantasy, and I was the one paying. He—Ned—was a "happiness consultant," my hooker.

For five long years of marriage, I had played the perfect wife. I had given endless sloppy blowjobs, endured lube-free anal, dressed up as a slut or a French maid. In short, I had catered to my husband's every selfish whim. But sometimes, on nights when he'd work late, I'd find myself wondering what it would feel like to concentrate solely on my own pleasure during sex. I found myself doubting that the little ripples I felt when we fucked were actually honest-to-God climaxes.

Then came the night I threw on a raincoat, nothing else, and decided to surprise *darling* hubby at the office. Poor man had worked late every night that week. He deserved a reward.

The second I stepped off the elevator, I could hear moaning. For 20 minutes I stood outside his office door and listened to what sounded like him licking pussy. Fucker had never, ever gone down on me! Not once! At first I was livid, but then, slowly, my anger turned to relief. It dawned on me that if I played my cards right, I could get everything I ever wanted, and my *ex*-husband would pay for it.

So I rummaged in my purse for my cellphone camera, threw open the door and started snapping pictures. Very incriminating pictures. Him kneeling on the carpet, naked, hands cuffed behind his back, licking some latex bitch's snatch. A closeup of his face, eyes wide at seeing me, face glazed with pussy cream and a cunt hair caught between his teeth.

Highly effective. I never even had to go to court. The divorce became final as of today, and I decided to celebrate. Melanie, a girlfriend from the country club, had given me Ned's phone number. And the man was every bit as handsome as she'd described: long, dark hair; chiseled face; muscular, but not too ripped, if you know what I mean. Best of all, I didn't have to say a damn thing. I'd e-mailed instructions this morning. Now I just lay there, letting him please me.

He tongued slow circles around my full breasts and suckled each nipple. He kissed the hollows on my neck and in whispers told me how very beautiful I was. His words were poetry.

Ned's silky hair caressed my belly as he slid down to my quim. Slipping his hands under my buttocks, he lifted my snatch to his face and literally feasted! The man devoured me. His tongue pushed deeply into my cunt over and over. A finger found my rosebud and played with it lightly, then not so lightly.

I tried to stay perfectly still. I wanted to let that wonderful tingling build until I couldn't fuckin' stand it. This time I was determined to have an honest-to-God orgasm, the first true climax of my life.

I closed my eyes and concentrated. When Ned trapped my clit between his teeth and attacked it with tongue-flicks, my whole world exploded. Neon flashes of light bounced off my eyelids. My body turned to liquid. Warmth. I think I left the planet for a minute.

When I fell back to Earth, my lover was pressing his thick cock into my box—slowly, an inch at a time, then stopping. Finally, I couldn't take his maddening pace. My hips bucked. I was desperate to feel his long, fat throbber fill my twat.

Hooking my ankles behind his butt cheeks, I forced his shooter all the way in deep. And when his jizz started streaming into my slit, I came again, my body trembling, my back arching off the bed. Fuck! So this was what real orgasms felt like—total bliss!

It was then I discovered one of the truly great benefits of paying for it. There was no talking. No fixing breakfast. Ned simply dressed and left. I believe I'm going to enjoy life as a divorcée.

—N.D.
Plum, Pennsylvania

"It's never gonna get hard if you keep making fun of it!"

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"Dear, I'm worried about junior. He's been listening to that awful 'Christian rock' again!"

"What the fuck...downsized by cheaper foreign labor?! But I did this for *free*!"

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS

"Since you've prayed for my guidance, I say yes, let your husband fuck you in the ass then shoot his load on your face."

"Margaret, a man is entitled to his hobbies!"

BY MICHAEL C. RUPPERT

A PRESIDENTIAL ENERGY POLICY

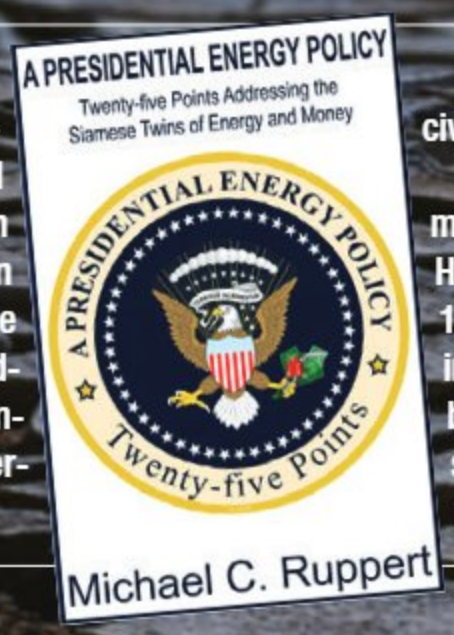
AUTHOR PHOTO BY CARA THOMPKINS

AN EXPERT ON PEAK OIL EXPLAINS WHY THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE IS LIKELY A THING OF THE PAST

Mike Ruppert, author of the important best-seller Crossing the Rubicon, returns with an alarming new book, A Presidential Energy Policy. It is a must-read for all who care about our survival on this planet. At its core, the book explains how everything happening now—the meltdown of our economy, the shredding of our Constitution, the corporate media's dumbing down of the American people—can be traced back to the fact that we are running out of oil. Marshalling fact after fact, Ruppert persuasively argues that a society such as ours, based on unlimited growth, cannot survive without unlimited cheap energy. The collapse, he says, is imminent.

What follows is an excerpt from his book. Be afraid. Be very afraid.

"THOSE WHO FONDLY BELIEVE our economic growth will return any day now might contemplate what the director of the International Energy Agency said [in early 2009]: Investment in new oil production has fallen so low that whenever an economic recovery occurs, the oil to support the recovery is unlikely to be there. Supplies will be inadequate and prices will rise much as they did last summer, choking off the recovery." —Journalist and energy expert Tom Whipple.


A PRESIDENTIAL ENERGY POLICY
Twenty-five Points Addressing the Siamese Twins of Energy and Money
A PRESIDENTIAL ENERGY POLICY
Twenty-five Points
Michael C. Ruppert

This will be the death knell of human industrialized civilization. I foresee it in the late summer of 2010.

There has been only one prophet who foresaw this moment clearly. Physicist and geologist M. King Hubbert began warning of these days in the 1940s. In 1974 he testified at a House of Representatives hearing on National Energy Conservation Policy. Judging by events since, Hubbert's words were taken very seriously by those who, over the last hundred years, have improved and enhanced their ability to manip-

ulate public opinion and behavior for selfish or cowardly reasons.

Since I wrote the first words of my new book I have prayed for one thing only: that they impart to as many individuals as possible the magnitude of the crisis we face today. Colin J. Campbell is perhaps the second-greatest prophet who warned of this moment. He once told me, "The species homo sapiens might not become extinct. But the subspecies of 'Petroleum Man' most certainly will."

When King Hubbert testified before Congress in 1974, the human population was approximately four billion with an annual compounding growth rate of about two percent. Today the human population is pushing seven billion.

Let's look at some of the things Hubbert told Congress 35 years ago:

"I was in New York in the '30s. I had a box seat at the Depression. I can assure you it was a very educational experience. We shut down the country because of monetary reasons. We had manpower and abundant raw materials. Yet we shut the country down. We are doing the same kind of thing now but with a different material outlook. We are not in the position we were in 1929-30 with regard to the future. Then the physical system was ready to roll. This time it is not. We are in a crisis in the evolution of human society. It's unique to both human and geological history. It has never happened before, and it can't possibly happen again. You can only use oil once. Soon all the oil is going to be burned and all the metals mined and scattered.

"That is obviously a scenario of catastrophe but we have the technology. All we have to do is completely overhaul our culture and find an alternative to money. [...] A non-catastrophic solution is impossible unless society is made stable. This means abandoning two axioms of our own culture: the (current) work ethic and the idea that [unlimited] growth is the normal state of life. Our window of opportunity is slowly closing. At the same time, it probably requires a spiral of adversity. In other words things have to get a lot worse before they get better."

According to Hubbert, our window of opportunity was closing just a few years before President Jimmy Carter admonished us about our gluttonous appetites.

Obviously, as documented throughout my book, our window of opportunity has closed and a catastrophic die-off of human population is just beginning. One sign: There are more than twenty million unemployed in China. Many of them are displaced and far from home. More than 100,000 instances of civil unrest or rioting have occurred there since September 2008. At the same time a catastrophic drought [has ravaged] the summer [2009] wheat crop, which has been infected by a new form of fungus. And yet the United States is expecting China to finance our endlessly expanding, multitrillion-dollar bailout fantasies.

A second sign: My home state of California has declared a catastrophic drought that requires cutting back water to the state's farms. Farms will shut down and harvests will shrink. California is the largest agricultural producer in the United States. Worse yet, the implosion of the monetary system is impacting food production.

It's actually happening all over the world, but the mainstream media will not connect the dots for you, or even place them in close enough proximity for you to do it yourself. After all, they're just trying to protect their share price.

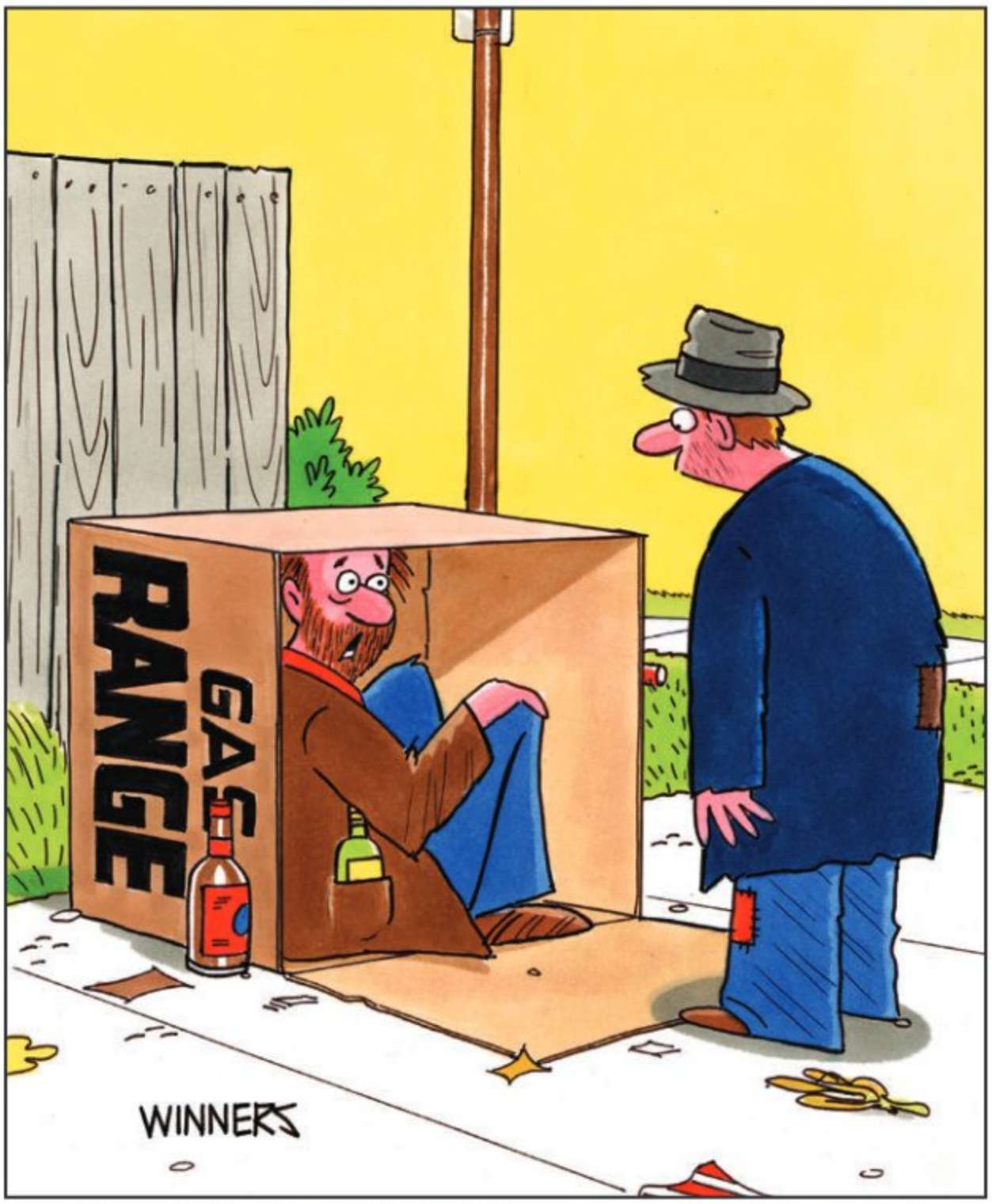
Of course, we could just have wars and riots. We could starve. We could die of thirst...or heat...or floods...or toxic waste. Some, I believe, have tried to make the decision regarding who will live and who will starve for us. But the judgment of the dinosaurs who have ruled this epoch has been faulty all along, especially lately. Many elites of the financial class are going down themselves. Then again, it is possible there was a miscalculation on the part of the ruling elites and we could just take the easy way out and nuke everything. "Oops!" they might say. "This too did not turn out the way we planned it—or sold it—to the planet."

In his written submission to Congress along with his oral testimony, Hubbert also wrote:

"Two terms applicable to an evolving system are of fundamental importance. These are steady state and transient state. [...] For more than a century it has been known in biology that if any biological species from microbes to elephants is given a favorable environment, its population will begin to increase at an exponential rate. [...] It is demonstrable that the exponential phase of the industrial growth which has dominated human activity during the last couple of centuries is drawing to a close. It is physically and biologically impossible for any material and energy component to follow [unlimited] exponential growth. Yet during the last two centuries of unbroken industrial growth we have evolved what amounts to an exponential growth culture. Our institutions, our legal system, our financial system and our most cherished folkways and beliefs are all based upon the premise of continuous growth. Since physical and biological restraints make it impossible to continue such rates of growth indefinitely, it is inevitable that with the slowing down in the rates of physical growth, cultural adjustments must be made."

In 1981, in a paper entitled "Two Intellectual Systems: Matter-energy and the Monetary Culture," Hubbert wrote words that may be the most profound observation in all of human history:

"The world's present industrial civilization is handicapped by the coexistence of two universal, overlapping and incompatible intellectual systems: the accumulated knowledge of the last four centuries of the properties and interrelationships of matter and energy; and the associated monetary culture which has evolved from folkways of prehistoric origin."



"I would like to sell it, but I owe more than it's worth."

"My wife tries to help the economy. She buys crap we don't need with money I don't have to impress people I don't like."

It was another of the many human prophets who have walked this earth who put the entire issue now confronting us as a species into just ten words.

"The love of money is the root of all evil."
—Timothy 6:10

Until we change the way money works, we change nothing.

It is imperative that the transition to a completely new monetary system begin while we still have functioning infrastructure. Money and energy are inextricably intertwined, forming not a pair of conjoined twins where the growth of one kills the other, but a pair of separate, healthy and balanced twins who can live together in both harmony and sustainability.

I strongly suspect that getting there is going to be quite a thrill ride with any number of possible outcomes. The key challenges will be not only how much survives, but *what* survives. I once asked my good friend Richard Heinberg, a world-renowned Peak Oil author and lecturer, how long the world could operate under the old paradigm, burning and consuming the way it did if the population were reduced to around two billion. He shuddered as he thought about it. Then he kind of grimaced. "Oh, maybe another three or four hundred years," he answered.

As I was awaiting the glacially slow process of seeing my new book into print at a time when mankind's greatest challenge is taking its first painful bites, I looked for one simple metaphor to sum up our self-imposed moment of truth. I finally found it where I usually find things after looking high and low for a long time: right in front of me.

Across the street from a dog park where I go every day with my dog Rags is a parking lot, largely hidden from public view, full of brand-new cars; cars that will never be sold. As I drive around various parts of Los Angeles I have found several of these out-of-the-way ad hoc storage lots, hastily rented since the start of the collapse. They are all filled to capacity because so many dealers are going down and inventory has collapsed like an accordion. They are being used to quietly hold perhaps tens of thousands of brand-new cars—each with seven gallons of oil in every tire, and many thousands more used in their manufacture—in the paints, plastics and resins. I think of the oil used to transport them here from overseas or from the factories that made them. All I can ask is, "What were we thinking?" Oil can be used only once.

What were we thinking?

I realize that now there is only one thing we can change that will give our descendants any chance of salvaging the best parts of mankind's accumulated experience and wisdom: our minds.

ROBOT LOVE

THE PHENOMENAL ART OF PATRICE MURCIANO

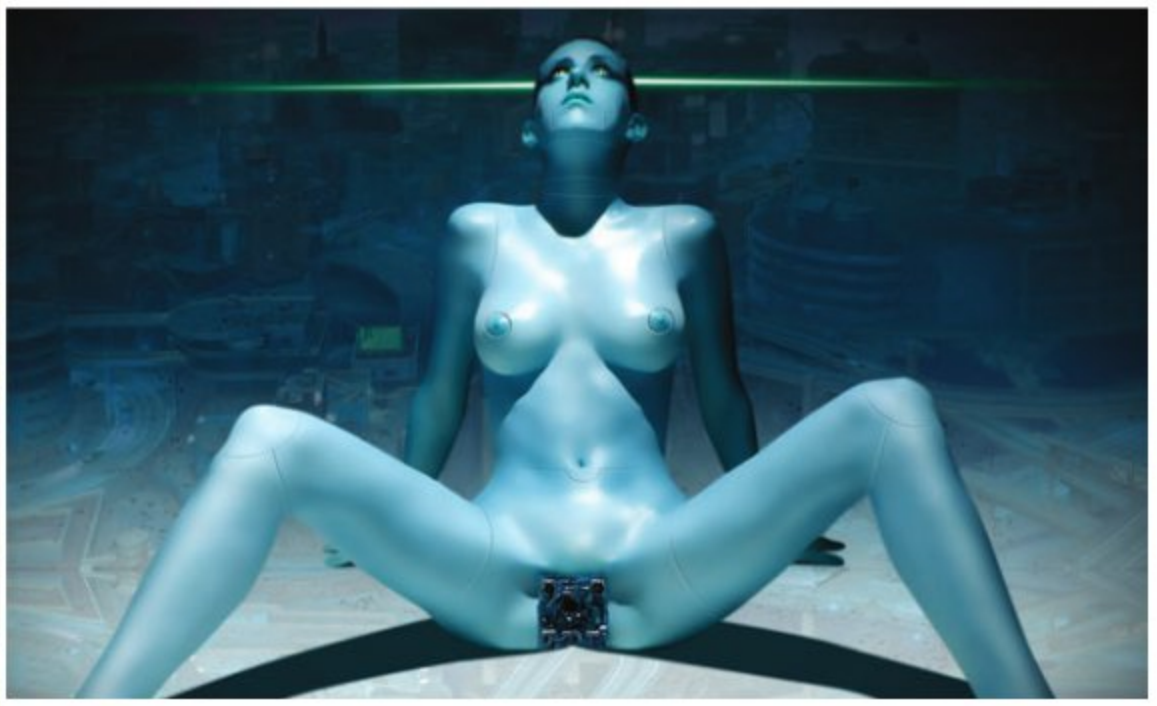
WELCOME TO THE FUTURISTIC UNIVERSE of French artist Patrice Murciano—a visually stunning Internet domain inhabited by alluring robots, androids and steampunk chicks. It's a place where sexy *Blade Runner*-esque babes rule!

Started approximately two years ago, the unique Web site mixes Murciano's two greatest inspirations: beautiful women and science fiction. Actually considering them "longtime obsessions," Murciano recalls, "Since my tender childhood I was always attracted by the robots, the androids. I manufactured some with cardboard and all that I could find in my father's garage. There was born my collection."

At first Murciano worked only with paint but eventually realized that in order to make his creations truly come to life he would have to use sophisticated computer programs. This transition allowed him to add a mind-boggling realism to his art. On that note, Murciano's latest series, "Aqua Life: 20,000 Leagues Under the Dream," features several shockingly sexy underwater women.

Murciano is currently compiling his distinctive cybergirl creations for an upcoming coffee table book. He is also in negotiations to make a film of his sci-fi screenplay involving a bizarre love affair "between an android woman and an old-man clock."

To see what some are calling the future of sex, log on to **Courbisme.com**.



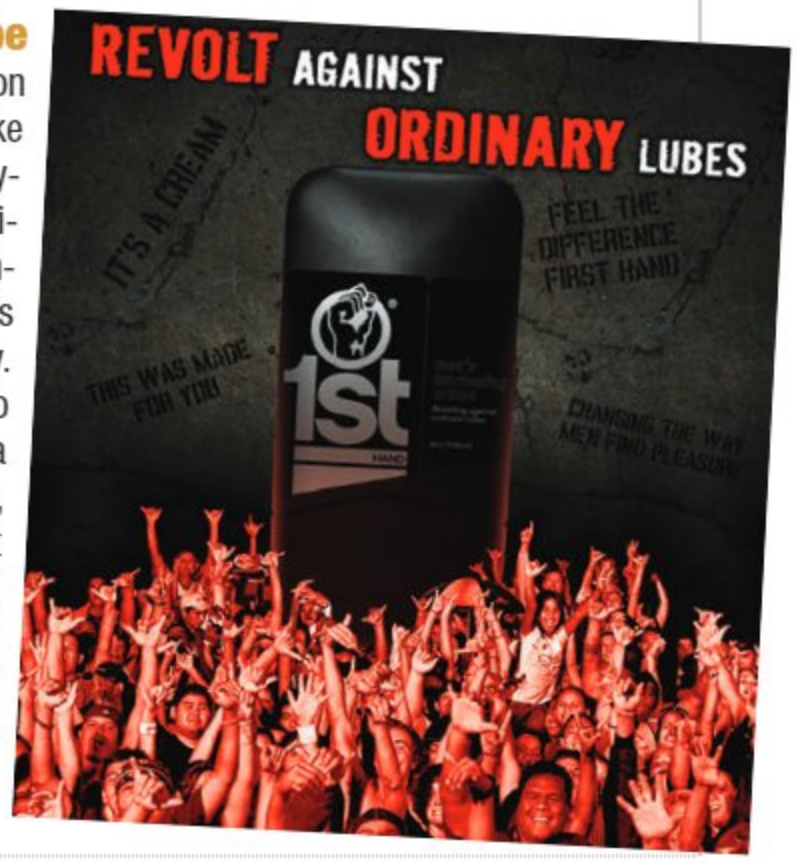
ROBOT LOVE

Totally Awesome T-Shirts

Looking for a nice blast of retro clothing from the 1980s? We suggest checking out 80sTees.com, which offers a wide selection of cool shirts from all your favorite Reagan years films, TV shows and video games. Available at **80sTees.com**.

Jiffy Lube

The fine folks at 1st Hand are on a mission: They want to make masturbation more enjoyable. That's why they engineered this unique vitamin-enriched hypoallergenic men's crème to a specific viscosity. 1st Hand is odorless, easy to clean up and doesn't feel like a hair gel or a water lubricant. Plus, it's good for your skin! In a market packed with the same old lubes and lotions, 1st Hand offers a breakthrough in personal lubrication that will leave a lasting impression on you. Revolt against run-of-the-mill lubes and feel the difference firsthand. Available at **Mens1stHand.com**.



HUSTLER'S HOLIDAY GIFT

IT'S THE HOLIDAY SEASON—TIME TO BUY SOMETHING FOR THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE IN YOUR LIFE...YOU!

Blast Off!

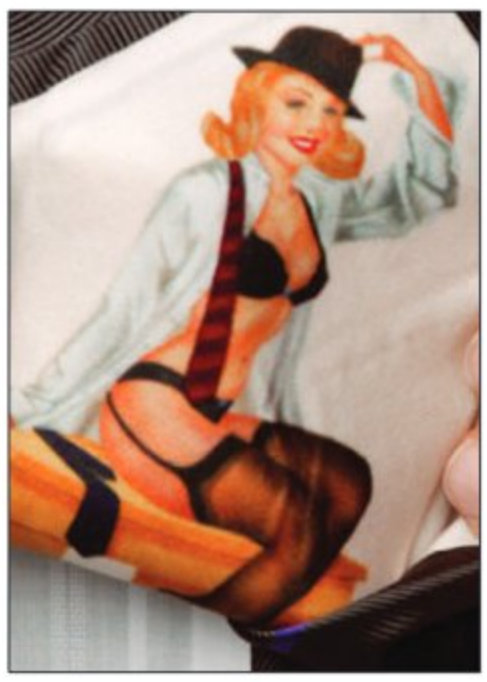
Want bigger, bolder orgasms? You know you do. So grab some Ropex. This exciting and revolutionary pill uses an age-old Swedish formula to increase the volume and intensify of your ejaculations. More than 5 million men worldwide (including big-name porn stars) have used Ropex, so you know it works. Available by calling 1-888-799-6979 or at **RopexUSA.com**.

What a Doll!

Between kissing girls and running, "Hold & Cold" singer Katy Perry has modeled for this lovely collectible. Why would you buy a doll? Well, it's probably as close to her as you'll ever get. Available at **IntegrityToys.com/KatyPerry.php**.

Tie One On

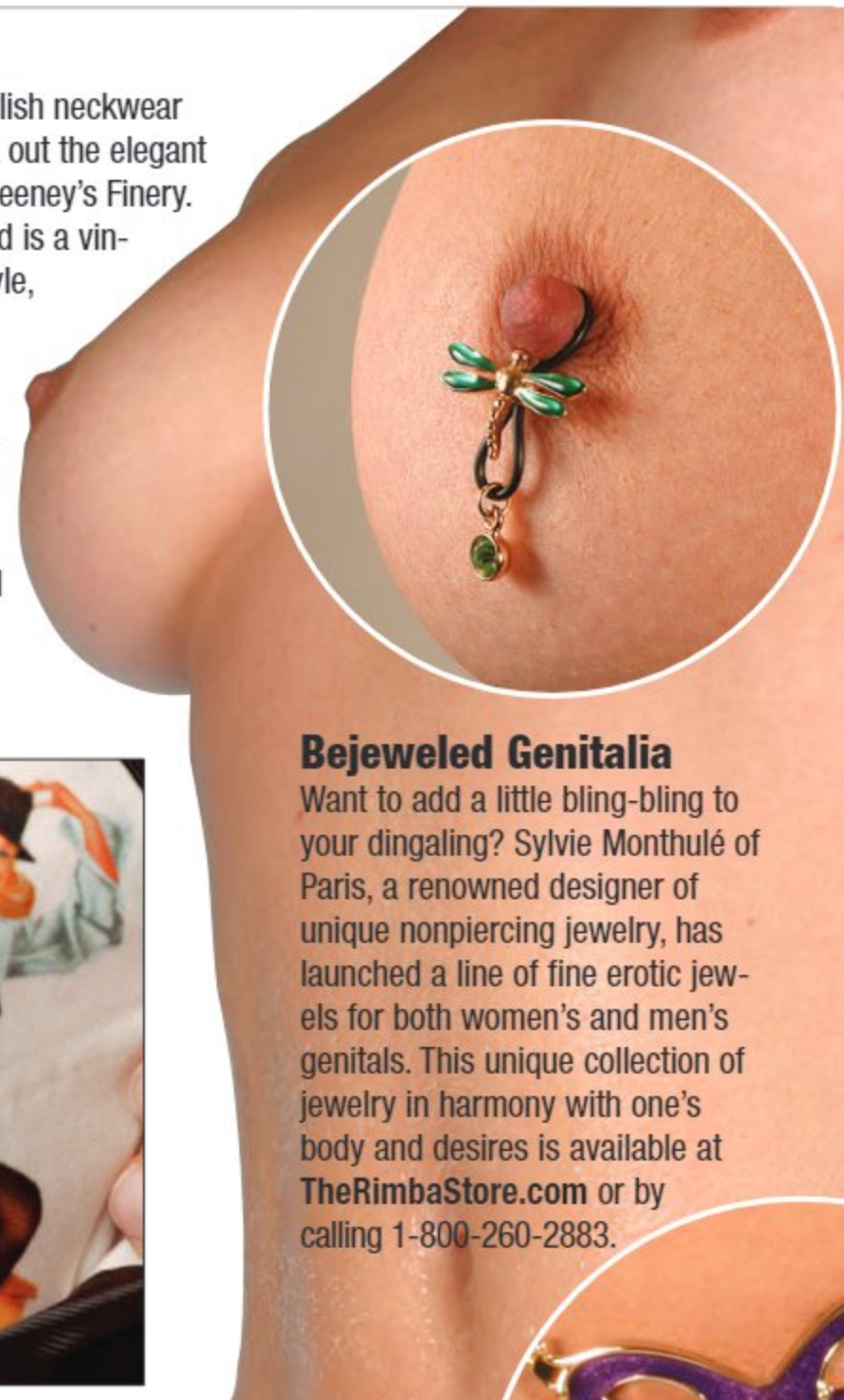
If you're looking for stylish neckwear with a retro flair, check out the elegant line of ties from Miss Feeney's Finery. Hidden in each tie's fold is a vintage pinup girl. This style, known as peekaboo accents, dates back to the 1940s and '50s, when gentlemen really knew how to dress. Hey, if you gotta wear a tie, you might as well sport one with a hot chick. Available at **MissFeeneys.com**.



GUIDE

The Future of Sex

They say that in the future we will be able to have sex with robots. We say, why wait? The folks at RealTouch have invented a gadget that lets you get into the action like never before. This virtual sex machine is made of a soft, pliable material and uses dual belt drives to stroke and massage your penis to explosive orgasms while your deepest desires unfold onscreen right before your eyes. Developed and thoroughly tested by a former NASA engineer (seriously), it incorporates advanced haptic technology, resulting in a virtual sex environment that is easy to set up (just plug into your computer's USB port) and even easier to use. Available at **RealTouch.com** or call 1-877-433-4146.



Bejeweled Genitalia

Want to add a little bling-bling to your dingaling? Sylvie Monthulé of Paris, a renowned designer of unique nonpiercing jewelry, has launched a line of fine erotic jewels for both women's and men's genitals. This unique collection of jewelry in harmony with one's body and desires is available at **TheRimbaStore.com** or by calling 1-800-260-2883.

Window Dressing

Guys never thought of me as sexy," states the obviously sexy **Kellie Krave**. "Since I was so tall and gangly, they thought of me as one of the boys—someone to play basketball with. None of them could see I was dying to be played with in a different way. Because of that, I ended up a late bloomer. I didn't lose my virginity until I was almost 18. Now, of course, it's no problem getting a guy."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSE LUIS

KELLIE KRAVE

Kellie declares, "The secret to an excellent sex life is that you have to dress for it. Think about that. You get dressed up when you have an important business meeting or when you have a hot date. Why not in the bedroom? I have a closet full of sexy outfits that I love to put on—and have ripped off me!"

However, when the towering Texan is home alone, she doesn't even bother with clothes. "I love hanging around completely naked," Kellie confides with a laugh. "I don't have any shades or blinds on the windows of my house. Sure, it pisses off the ultra-conservative Christian bitch next door, but her husband doesn't seem to mind. Neither do any of the deliverymen who come around. Why should I hide myself away when I look this good?"

KELLIE KRAVE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Katy, Texas | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Pisces | HEIGHT: 5-11 | WEIGHT: 118

BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

IN THE LIFE

A DAY

JENNA HAZE

SHE'S BANKING ON HER SEXUAL TALENTS

JENNA HAZE IS HOLDING A GIANT TURKEY BASTER, and she's got a big grin on her face. Sadly, she's not about to do anything sexual with it—at least not in the middle of the Crate & Barrel housewares section.

At the moment, Jenna's only admiring the gleaming 12 inches for its culinary possibilities, along with a variety of other kitchen bric-a-brac. Turns out Jenna's a pretty darn good cook. She makes a garlic parmesan chicken with noodles to die for. Who would have thought?

Our adventure begins at the 2009 XRCO Awards ceremony, where the X-Rated Critics Organization honors the people working in the adult film industry. The Highlands, a trendy Hollywood nightclub, is packed to capacity; in addition to the paparazzi and the many industry up-and-comers (no pun intended), it's a veritable who's who of porn royalty.

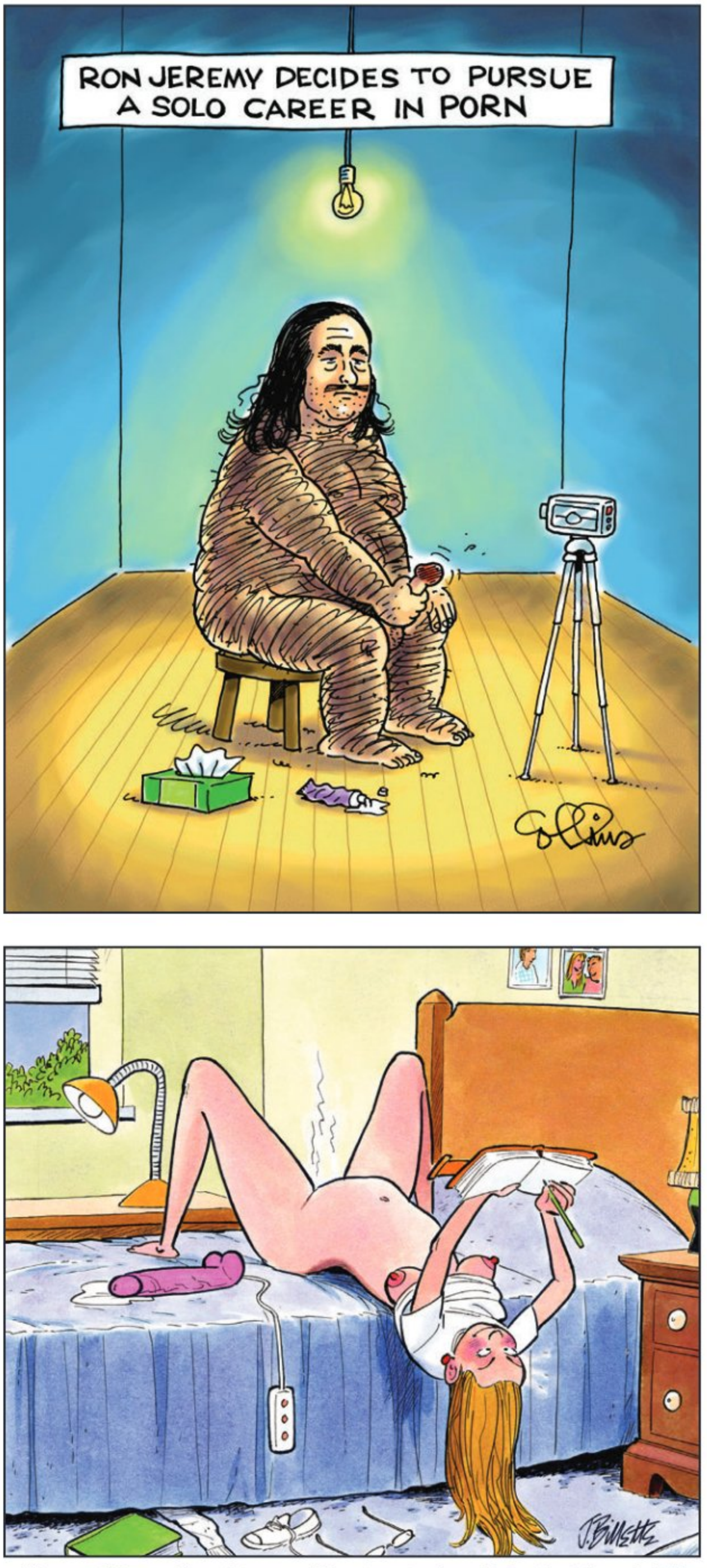
GLAMOUR PHOTOS FROM *JENNA HAZE'S CUM-SPOILED SLUTS* COURTESY JULES JORDAN VIDEO

CANDID PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

Icons like Nina Hartley and Veronica Hart, long retired from the biz, work the room alongside dozens of today's young stars and the hoped-for stars of tomorrow. They are all excitedly schmoozing, kissing, hugging and groping each other with more familiarity than their personal medical internists.

The reason the mood is so convivial is simple: Most performers know each other intimately. And I don't mean they've shared a few secrets over drinks. I'm talking about intimate in a "Didn't-I-fuck-you-in-the-ass-last-month?" kind of way.

Just like in mainstream Hollywood, the performers who rule the adult industry are a relatively small



"Dear, Diary: Bought myself a toy today. Holy fucking shit!"

JENNA HAZE

number, which means the same people work together over and over again—a lot. Combine that with the proliferation of personal Web sites, where entrepreneurial porn thespians commonly lend each other a helping hand (in addition to their more marketable body parts), and you end up with a room where more cross-pollination has gone on than at your average botanical garden.

At the epicenter of the evening's action is porn superstar Jenna Haze. Cameras follow her every step. When Jenna pauses to pose for a picture, lesser-known performers immediately slip into frame alongside her. When you're hot in this business, you have lots of friends.

Jenna's career is on fire. She's got her own production company, a long list of best-selling movie titles, a very lucrative Web site (**JennaHaze.com**), an exotic dance tour and a budding directing career. This year she's already garnered Performer of the Year at AVN and XBIZ, the two other award shows that matter in the industry. She's up for XRCO's Performer of the Year tonight as well, and if she wins it, she'll have achieved the Triple Crown of porn. No one has ever been honored as Performer of the Year by all three organizations before.

But first the suspense has to build. Interminably. To be supportive, the industry tries to honor as many individuals as it can. Consequently, in addition to more traditional categories like Best Actor, Best Actress, Best New Performer, etc., there is a plethora of more eclectic awards: Orgasmic Analist, Orgasmic Oralist (not to be confused with the separate and equally prestigious Deep Throat Award), SuperSlut and Unsung Swordsman, to name but a few.

The heartfelt, emotional thank-yous inevitably feel a bit perfunctory if long-winded, which isn't much of a shock. When you're competing in movies like *Big Wet Asses* or *The Texas Vibrator Massacre*, how choked with emotion can you really get? By the end of the evening the crowd is pretty antsy. Everyone's anxious to get to the big categories—the ones that help a performer's career trajectory by translating into significant promotional dollars.

Finally it's time. And when it's your moment in history, whether it's Mickey Mantle or Seattle Slew (Triple Crown winners in baseball and horse racing, respectively), nothing stands in the way of destiny. And it's Jenna's destiny to be a winner once more: XRCO's Best Female Performer of the Year.

The next day, discussing her latest triumph over lunch, Jenna seems genuinely touched. "It makes me proud that my *(continued on page 62)*

JON AND KATE PLUS HATE!

Written and drawn by Noel Anderson

A HUSTLER Television Parody

I'M JON! I'VE SPENT THE PAST FOUR SEASONS BEING HENPECKED AND EMASCULATED...NOW THE PAPARAZZI IS FOLLOWING ME AROUND AS WELL! WHY AM I DOING SEASON FIVE? THAT BITCH AT THE OTHER END OF THE COUCH MADE ME!

I'M KATE! SURE, THINGS AREN'T PERFECT IN OUR RELATIONSHIP, BUT JON DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THERE'S MORE IMPORTANT THINGS AT STAKE HERE! RECORDING OUR CHILDREN'S LIVES FOR POSTERITY, SHARING OUR STRUGGLES AND, MOST IMPORTANTLY...

...ALL THE MONEY WE'RE GETTING PAID TO DO THIS SHIT!

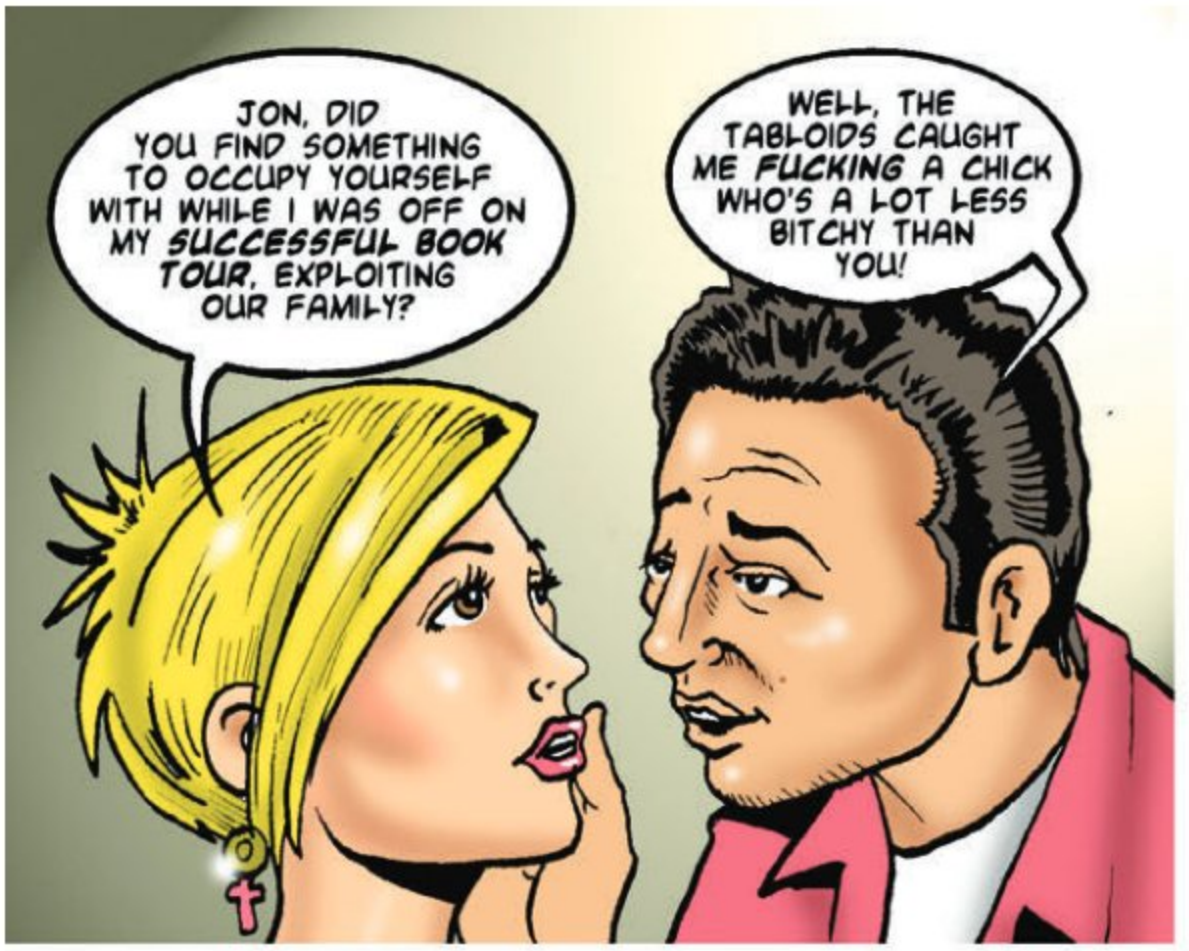
BLESS THIS MESS!

HELP

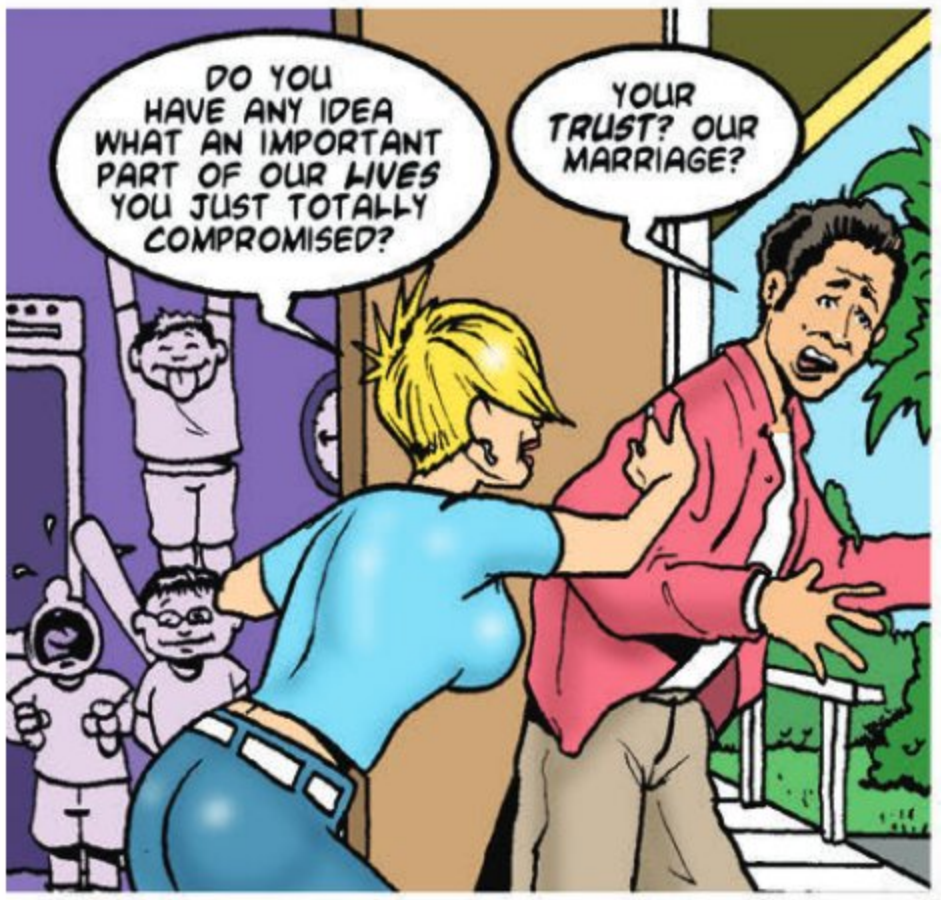
Don't call me Octomom!

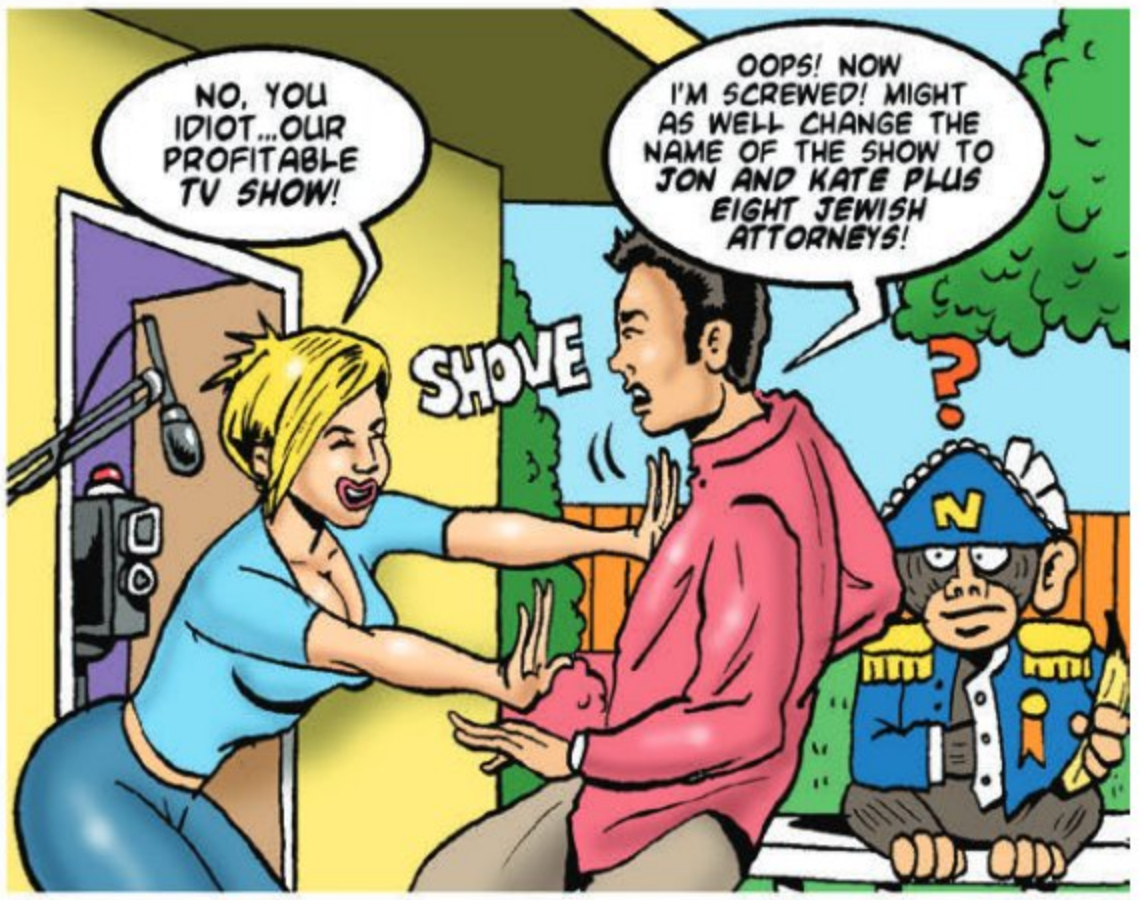
HUSTLER

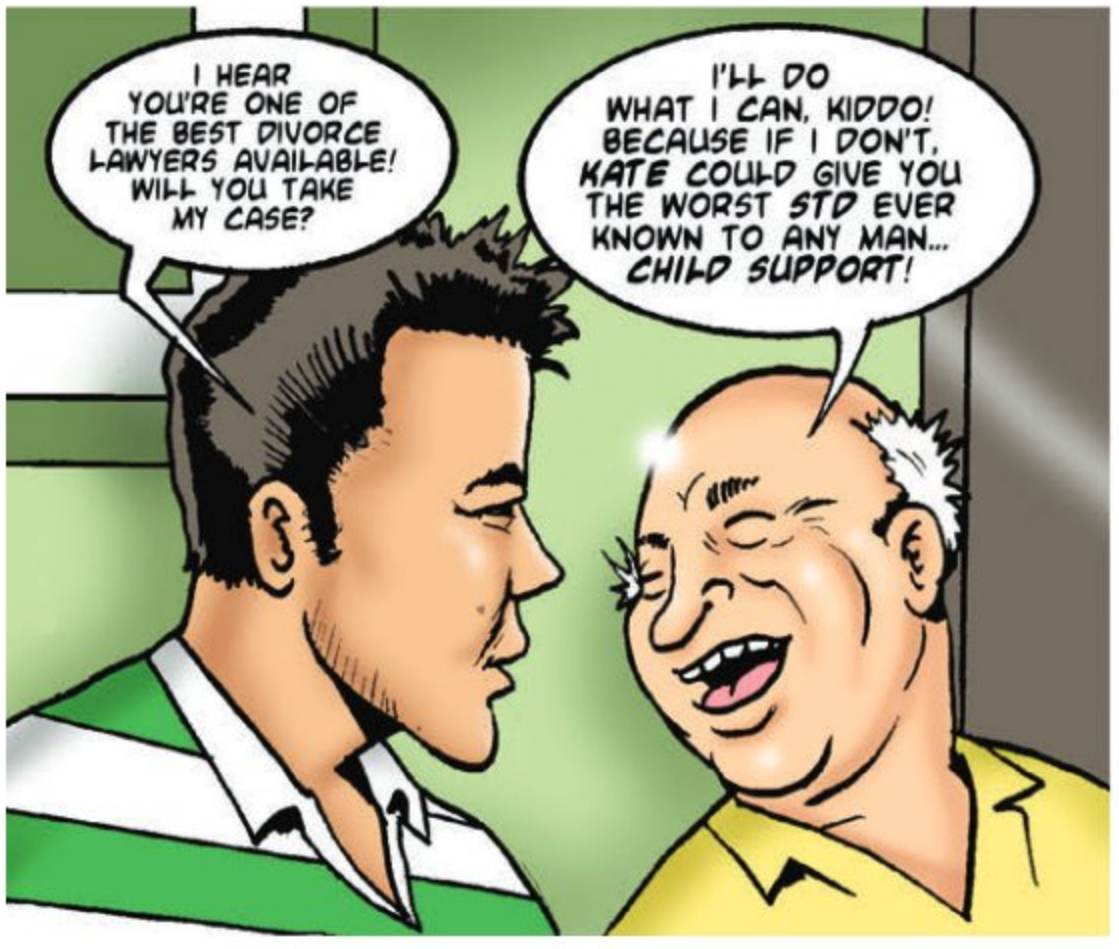
Mommy's Little Deduction

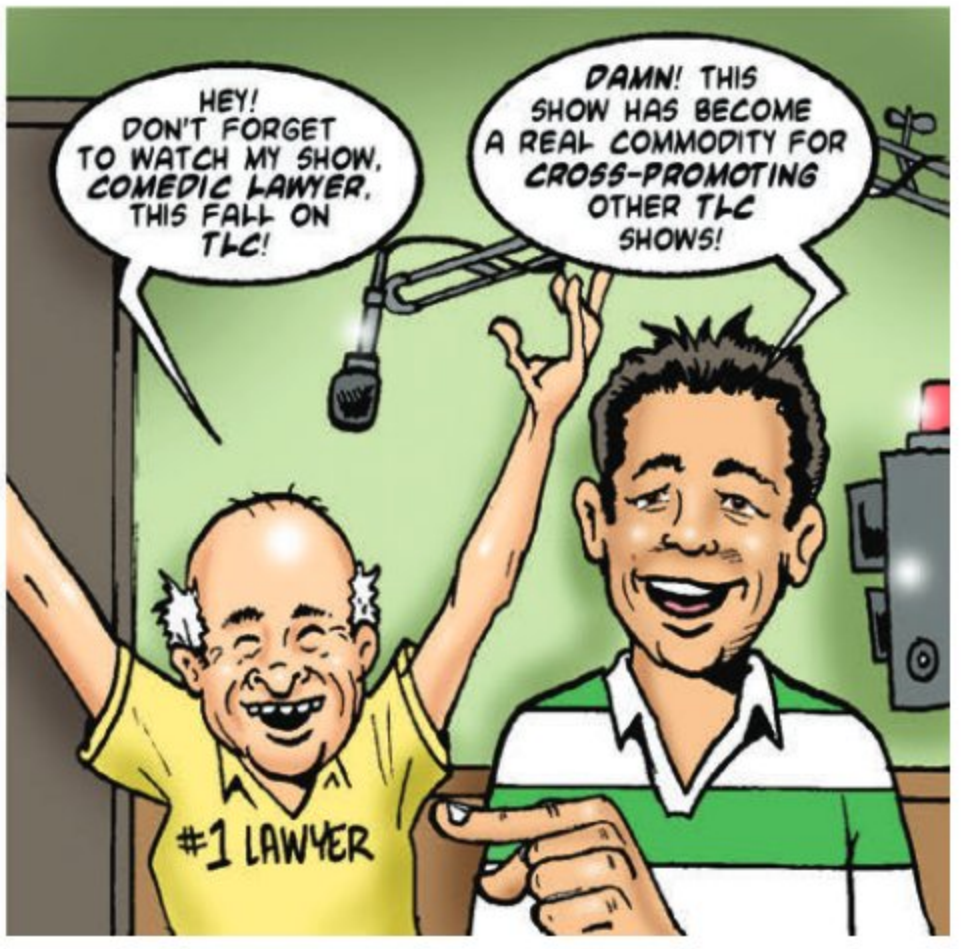

JON, DID YOU FIND SOMETHING TO OCCUPY YOURSELF WITH WHILE I WAS OFF ON MY SUCCESSFUL BOOK TOUR, EXPLOITING OUR FAMILY?
WELL, THE TABLOIDS CAUGHT ME FUCKING A CHICK WHO'S A LOT LESS BITCHY THAN YOU!

HOW DARE YOU! JON, WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?
I WAS THINKING ABOUT BANGING A VAGINAL CANAL THAT HASN'T SQUEEZED OUT A LITTER OF EIGHT!


DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT AN IMPORTANT PART OF OUR LIVES YOU JUST TOTALLY COMPROMISED?
YOUR TRUST? OUR MARRIAGE?


NO, YOU IDIOT...OUR PROFITABLE TV SHOW!
SHOVE
OOPS! NOW I'M SCREWED! MIGHT AS WELL CHANGE THE NAME OF THE SHOW TO JON AND KATE PLUS EIGHT JEWISH ATTORNEYS!
?


I HEAR YOU'RE ONE OF THE BEST DIVORCE LAWYERS AVAILABLE! WILL YOU TAKE MY CASE?
I'LL DO WHAT I CAN, KIDDO! BECAUSE IF I DON'T, KATE COULD GIVE YOU THE WORST STD EVER KNOWN TO ANY MAN... CHILD SUPPORT!


HEY! DON'T FORGET TO WATCH MY SHOW, COMEDIC LAWYER, THIS FALL ON TLC!
DAMN! THIS SHOW HAS BECOME A REAL COMMODITY FOR CROSS-PROMOTING OTHER TLC SHOWS!
#1 LAWYER

I DID A SWEEP OF THE PROPERTY AND THERE'S NO PAPARAZZI IN SIGHT! GUESS I'LL BE TAKING OFF UNLESS YOU NEED ME FOR ANYTHING!

COME TO THINK OF IT, IF JON CAN *SCREW AROUND*, SO CAN I! HOW ABOUT GIVING ME A GOOD FUCKING?

SECURITY

THE KIDS WON'T BOTHER US, THEY STAY BUSY FOR *HOURS* WHEN THEY PLAY *ABU GHRAIB*!

TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW, FILTHY TERRORIST!

YEAH! WHERE'S YOUR *SLEEPER CELL*?

INTERROGASHUN IN PROGRESS

CHIPS

YOU'RE IN FOR A REAL *TREAT*, COWBOY! SINCE WE STARTED THIS SHOW THE NETWORK HAS PAID FOR MY BOOB JOB AND TUMMY TUCK!

NICE! YOU GOT ANY *ORIGINAL* PARTS LEFT?

I'M AFRAID SO! I'VE STILL GOT THE SAME OLD, STRETCHED OUT, CRUSTY *SNATCH*! DIG IN!

UGH! *MEAT CURTAINS*!

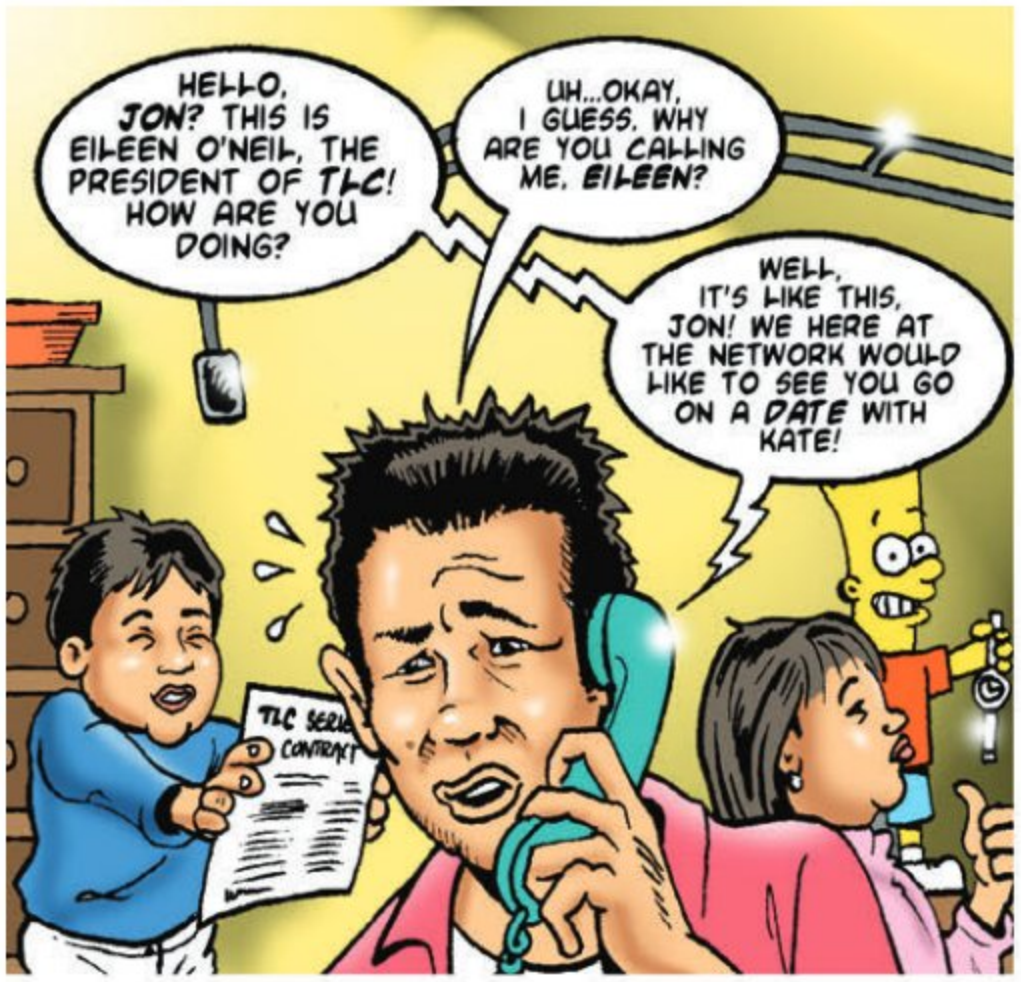
NOW, JON AND KATE, IN MY MANY YEARS AS A *MARRIAGE COUNSELOR* I'VE FOUND THE BIGGEST PROBLEM IS GENERALLY COMMUNICATION ISSUES!

REALLY? THAT'S FUNNY, BECAUSE *KATE* CAN'T USUALLY KEEP HER BIG FUCKING MOUTH *SHUT*!

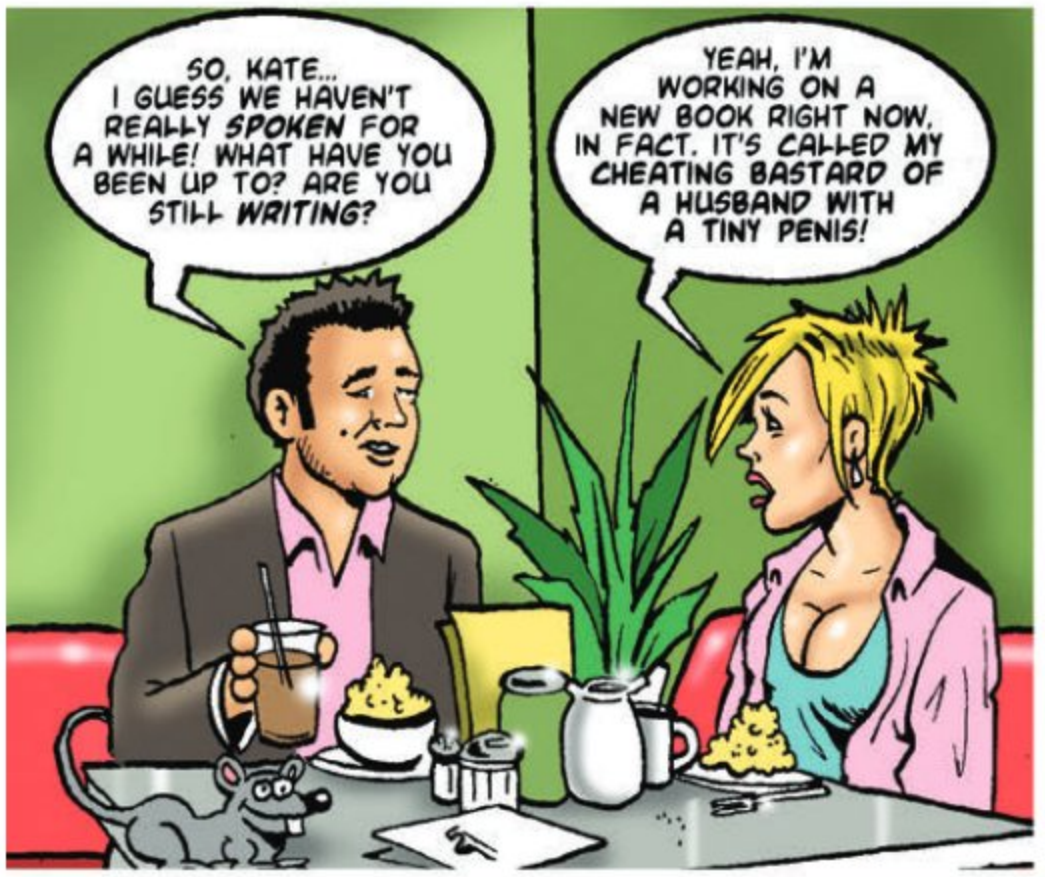
YOU'RE AN *ASSHOLE*, JON!

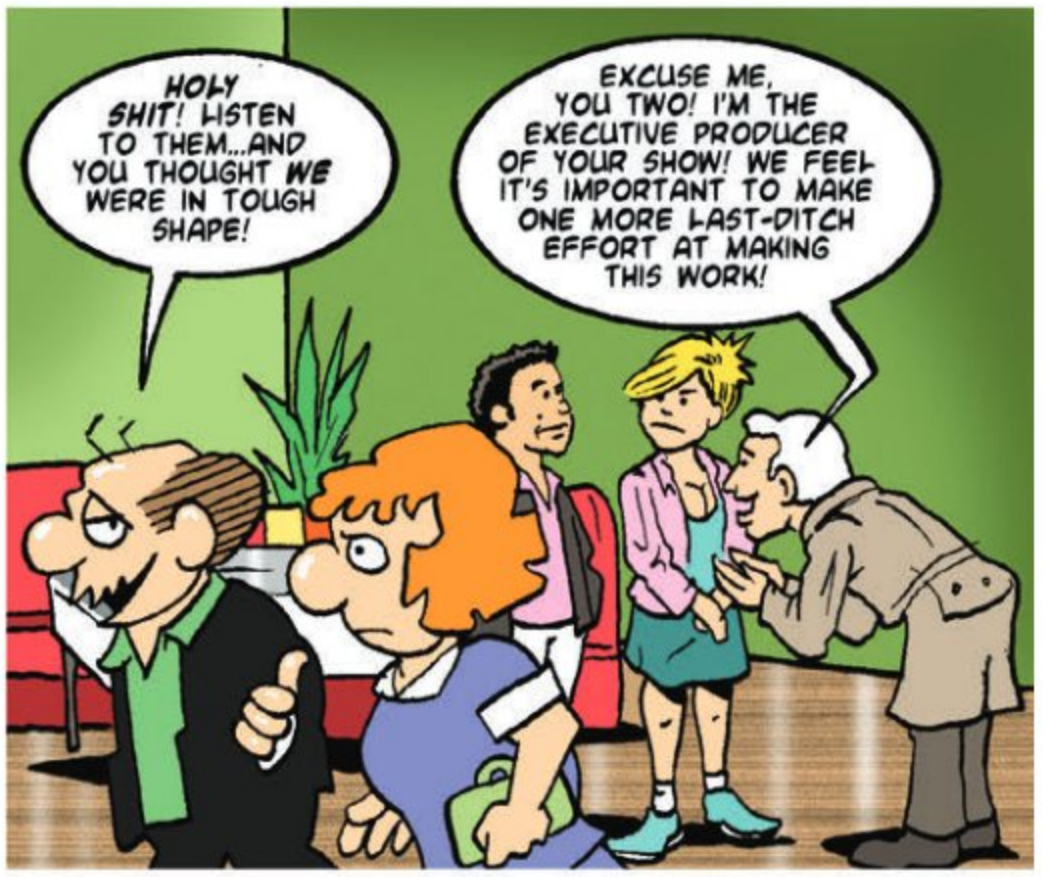
THE ONLY TIME SHE'S *NOT* WILLING TO OPEN HER MOUTH IS WHEN I WANT A *BLOWJOB*!

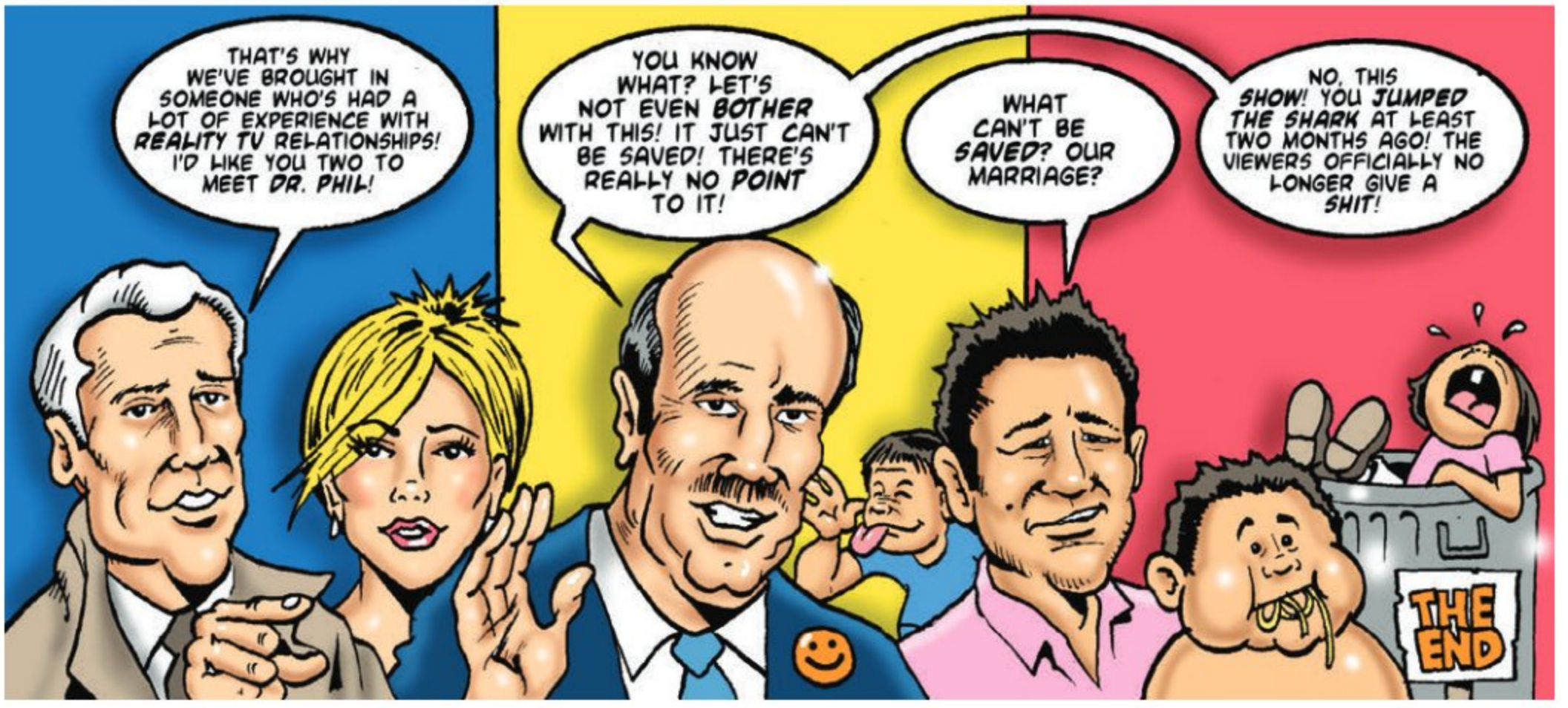
WELL, OBVIOUSLY I WAS WRONG! THERE REALLY DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH OF AN ISSUE WITH THE TWO OF YOU COMMUNICATING!


HELLO, JON? THIS IS EILEEN O'NEIL, THE PRESIDENT OF TLC! HOW ARE YOU DOING?
UH...OKAY, I GUESS. WHY ARE YOU CALLING ME, EILEEN?
WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS, JON! WE HERE AT THE NETWORK WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU GO ON A DATE WITH KATE!
TLC SERIES CONTRACT

YOU WOULD? IS THAT BECAUSE YOU THINK THERE'S A CHANCE THAT IT COULD REVIVE SOME SPARKS?
NO, IT'S BECAUSE IT WOULD BE AWKWARD AS HELL FOR THE BOTH OF YOU, AND THAT MEANS BIG RATINGS! AMERICA LOVES WATCHING A TRAIN WRECK!
TLC


SO, KATE... I GUESS WE HAVEN'T REALLY SPOKEN FOR A WHILE! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO? ARE YOU STILL WRITING?
YEAH, I'M WORKING ON A NEW BOOK RIGHT NOW, IN FACT. IT'S CALLED MY CHEATING BASTARD OF A HUSBAND WITH A TINY PENIS!


HOLY SHIT! LISTEN TO THEM...AND YOU THOUGHT WE WERE IN TOUGH SHAPE!
EXCUSE ME, YOU TWO! I'M THE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER OF YOUR SHOW! WE FEEL IT'S IMPORTANT TO MAKE ONE MORE LAST-DITCH EFFORT AT MAKING THIS WORK!


THAT'S WHY WE'VE BROUGHT IN SOMEONE WHO'S HAD A LOT OF EXPERIENCE WITH REALITY TV RELATIONSHIPS! I'D LIKE YOU TWO TO MEET DR. PHIL!
YOU KNOW WHAT? LET'S NOT EVEN BOTHER WITH THIS! IT JUST CAN'T BE SAVED! THERE'S REALLY NO POINT TO IT!
WHAT CAN'T BE SAVED? OUR MARRIAGE?
NO, THIS SHOW! YOU JUMPED THE SHARK AT LEAST TWO MONTHS AGO! THE VIEWERS OFFICIALLY NO LONGER GIVE A SHIT!
THE END

Tails of the Bunny Ranch

My First Handle Job!

Satisfying a customer isn't always a snap.

I've got a good story for you. I honestly don't know what motivates some of these guys who visit the BunnyRanch.

I had this one gentleman come in for a party. I'll call him Mr. X—since he was into extreme sex—and his thing was wanting to masturbate while I shoved something into his stomach.

I had a dildo, but as I quickly found out, that wasn't good enough for Mr. X. I had to find a substitute. *What the heck am I going to use?* I wondered.

Then a little light went off in my head. I rushed off to the storeroom and got a mop. Back in my room, I used the handle to start jabbing Mr. X in the stomach while he lay on the floor and jerked himself off.

Mr. X kept asking me to poke him harder and harder. I didn't want to hurt him, but since he seemed to have no threshold when it came to pain, I was really laying into the guy. I could see he was really getting excited, but he wasn't getting off either.

All of a sudden, because I was jabbing him so hard, the mop handle broke. There I am with a piece of wood in my hand and a naked guy on the floor with his dick in his hand. *What am I going to do now?!* I thought.

Then I had another idea. I headed back to the storeroom and grabbed a broom. It had a stronger handle.

I returned to Mr. X and started all over again. I was jabbing him in the stomach, and he was loving it. And then the broom handle broke!

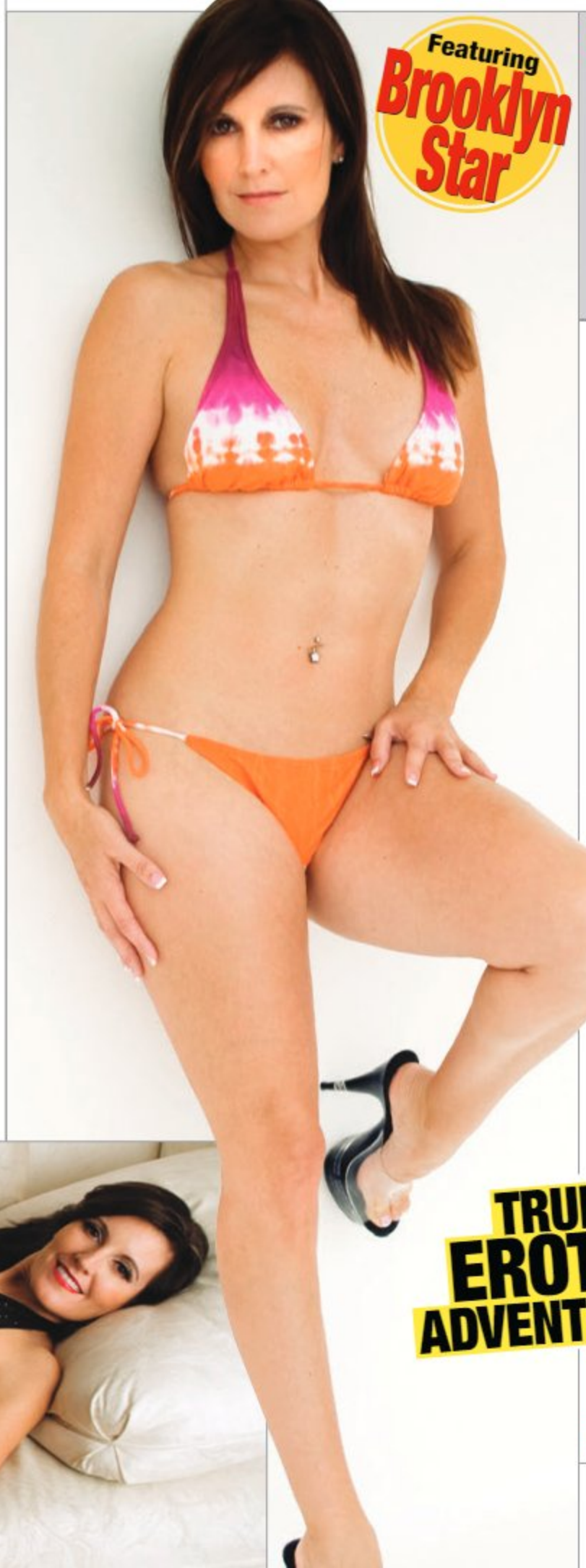
I just figured, *Fuck it!* So I went and found an aluminum baseball bat.

I started poking him over and over, just really leaning on the thing as hard as I could—right into his fat gut, just as hard as I could while he just kept wanking his cock.

However, no matter how hard I jabbed him, he wouldn't come. I started to get mad. It was turning into a lot of work. I finally had enough of his bullshit, so I just leg-dropped him—full force, my knee right into his stomach.

As soon as I did that, Mr. X grunted and came like a tidal wave. I couldn't believe it. I knocked the wind right out of the poor guy, but he blew his load at the same time. He was lying there on the floor, gasping for air and totally drained, but he got what he'd paid for.

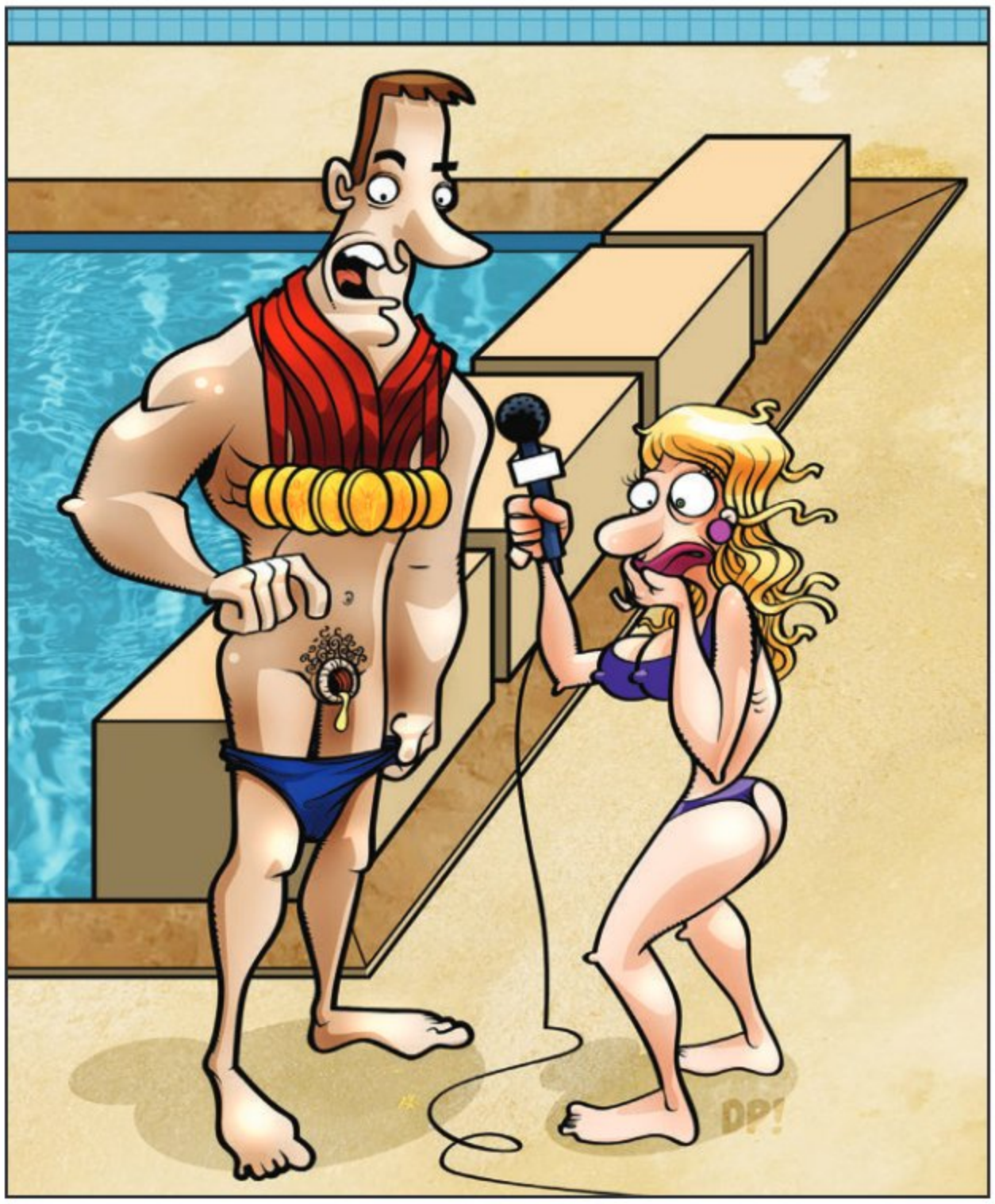
I was afraid that I might have really injured him, but Mr. X said he was okay. After catching his breath, he cleaned up and went home. Some guys just like it rough, I guess.



Since 1955 the Moonlite BunnyRanch has been servicing horndogs 24/7, 365 days a year. Under flamboyant owner Dennis Hof, the Carson City, Nevada, legal bordello has become internationally famous for its willing women and wild times.

TRUE EROTIC ADVENTURES

To meet the girls yourself, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.



"I actually cut off my own dick so I'd be faster on water."

"And then it hit me: Naughty or nice, who the fuck am I to judge?!"

JENNA HAZE

(continued from page 56) fans, peers and critics really appreciate what I do," she muses. "I put a lot of blood, sweat and tears into my work—in a hotter way, of course."

Jenna wasn't always a hardworking, business-minded performer trying to build a loyal fan base. When she got started in the business at 19, she was every teenage boy's fantasy—and every parent's candidate for a medieval chastity belt.

"I was never a shy child," Jenna remembers. "I was a big fan of porn in high school. I made videos and took pictures with my boyfriend. I even brought a girlfriend into the relationship. That's when I first learned that threesomes are better left on camera."

Jenna was the quintessential "bad girl" back then, dropping out of high school, then stripping once she turned 18. But the young, drippingly oversexed teen soon discovered she wasn't content swinging from a brass pole and pretending to be thrilled while giving lap dances. She wanted something more.

That's when destiny stepped into the picture. While hanging around the club scene, Jenna had a chance meeting with porn director Craven Morehead, who immediately offered the superhot, directionless bad girl a part in one of his films. The rest, as they say, is history.

"It's ironic," Jenna reflects. "I entered this business for fun, and as I grew up, I started to take my career more seriously. I feel so lucky it all happened."

Jenna has grown up all right—big-time. During her workday she multitasks with the ease of a corporate CEO. When the cameras are rolling on the set of the latest *Porn Stars Like It Big*, she's totally focused on the task at hand (and *in* her hand)—in this instance passionately sucking the formidable cock of costar Scott Nails. But as soon as the scene is done, while the crew prepares for the next setup, Jenna shifts gears quicker than a Formula One driver, seamlessly moving on to other business.

Texting away on her iPhone, she rambles, "I run my company, I check my MySpace, I maintain my Web forum, I answer e-mail questions, update my blog and Twitter—all day. I basically do everything for myself. In between all that I'm also buying a house."

Jenna the businesswoman knows it's a good time to get into the California real estate market…and that now is also a good time to plan for the future. "I'm not going to perform forever," she acknowledges. "That's why I'm already starting to produce and direct." But that's not the entire master plan: "I'm very family-oriented. When I'm ready, I want to get married and have a couple of kids." *(continued on page 71)*

Twice the Nice

PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. RIFTER FOR SUZE RANDALL PHOTOGRAPHY

SANDY & ALEXIS FORD

Some things just belong together: peanut butter and jelly; beer and pretzels; bacon and eggs. Bodacious porn starlets **Sandy** and **Alexis Ford** are a perfect pair.

Sandy (black necklace): "I am so excited to finally work with **Alexis**. We've been friendly for a month now and talked about doing something together. To be honest, I've had a huge crush on **Alexis** since I first saw her. She's hot!"

Alexis: "**Sandy**'s the best. You won't believe this, but her pussy is the sweetest thing I've ever tasted. Her juices are just like honey vanilla ice cream. I could have licked her all day."

Sandy: "The photographer didn't really have to direct us once we started going at it. As a matter of fact, he almost had to pull us apart after a while. This was not some staged shoot. **Alexis** and I were really into each other, and I hope to get with her again, either on or off camera, real soon."

Alexis: "That will definitely happen. I'm getting wet just thinking of the way **Sandy** plunged her hungry tongue into my kitty. Wow!"

JENNA HAZE

(continued from page 62)

And who will be the lucky soul to settle behind that white picket fence with the legendary Jenna Haze? Hard to say for sure. Jenna's had serious, long-term relations before with both sexes. "I've fucked beautiful women, fat guys and gorgeous guys," she admits. "I don't have boundaries. I'm attracted to someone for who they are. I don't discriminate."

At the moment Jenna is "not discriminating" against XXX director/producer Jules Jordan. It's the most stable relationship of her life—three-and-a-half years and going strong.

"I've known Jules Jordan eight years," Jenna confides. "When I broke up with my last boyfriend, he called me, and we started to go out. It's turned into the best relationship I've ever had, personally and professionally."

Professionally, Jordan did for Jenna what Colonel Tom Parker did for Elvis: He made an appealing, marginally known performer into a star. Jordan was the producer and director of the 2006 multi-award-winning *Jenna Haze Darkside*, Jenna's first boy/girl release in three years.

Up until that time, due to loyalty toward the industry cameraman she'd been dating, Jenna only performed with women—and her career suffered. So when the relationship soured, she turned to Jordan for creative guidance.

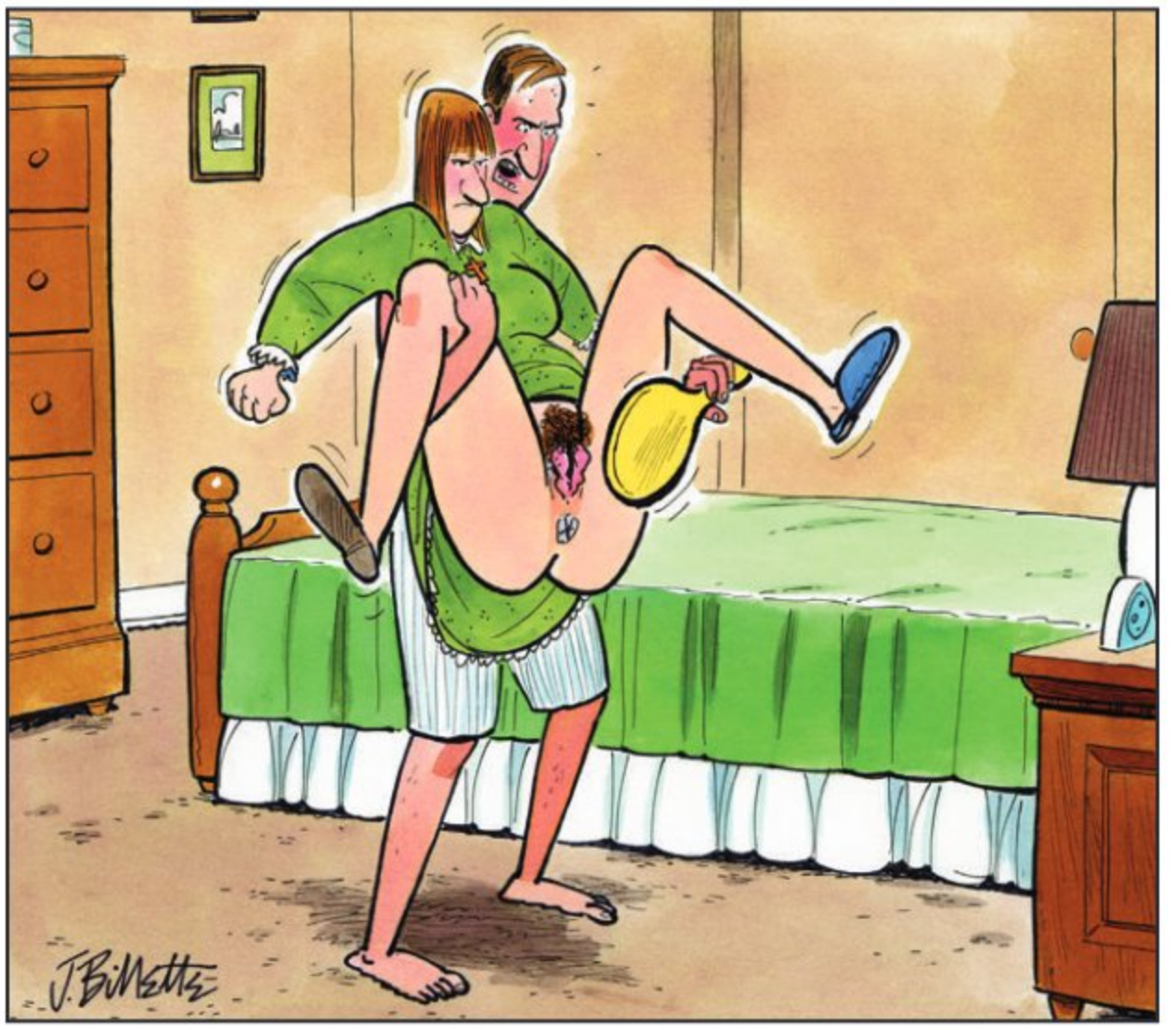
Jordan returned Jenna to what first turned on her fans: classically simple, lusty hetero performances. In addition, he cranked up the dial, getting Jenna to do anal, interracial, an oral blow/bang sequence and some fetish-oriented scenes involving feet and light bondage and discipline. In other words, if you liked your porn hot and nasty, *Jenna Haze Darkside* was the perfect Whitman Sampler.

A star was reborn. Jenna took the opportunity and ran with it—all the way to the bank. That's why she can afford to go on shopping sprees at her neighborhood Crate & Barrel store, picking up furniture and accessories for her new digs.

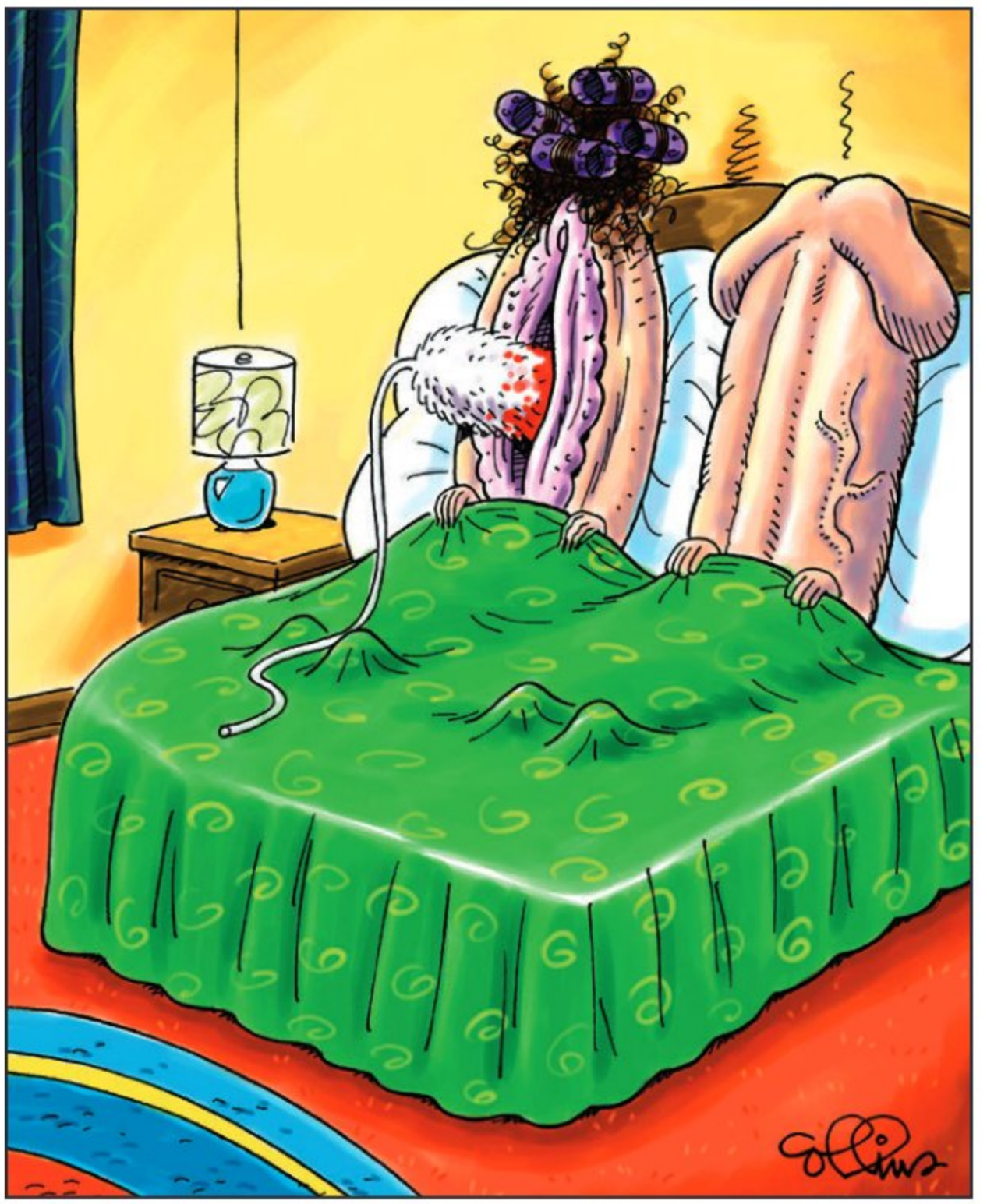
After I watch her test out every bed, chair and couch in the place (regrettably, for seating comfort only), Jenna reflects on the ironies of the ups and downs in her life. "I had a lot of crappy jobs. I feel blessed that I found something I enjoy so much. Now I let life play itself out. I just try to have fun."

It's an arrangement that works for everybody. Jenna has fun, and her fans have almost as much fun watching. And I've got to admit, even watching the porn superstar hold a turkey baster is pretty hot.

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. He also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.



"See that, Eileen?! That's your cunt! You're supposed to let your husband's dick in there occasionally!"



"Not tonight."

COUGARS

WE'D LIKE TO SEE

A fantasy collection of famous older women in the buff HUSTLER-style.

There are several sexy women from the world of politics who love to get naked—just not for us. So we called in a favor to our friends at the FBI to see what they could dig up. They responded the way we thought they would—they hung up on us. That left us with no choice other than to make these photos up.

Parody; no such pictures of Jennifer Granholm, Michele Bachmann, Sarah Palin and Hillary Rodham Clinton existed until now! These composite fantasy pictures have been altered from the original for our imagination, do not depict reality and are not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

BY K.K. LE ROQUE

Sarah Palin
Former Governor of Alaska
WARNING! If you have neck, head or back issues, a heart condition or are prone to vomiting, do not turn this page—unless you are under the supervision of a trained medical professional. Or drunk. Really, really drunk.

And here's one that we thought we'd never ever want to see.
Hillary Rodham Clinton
Secretary of State
We warned you!

SCREEN NAME:

Brianna Jordan

AGE: 27

STATUS: SINGLE

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 16,792

LOCATION: LAS VEGAS

URL: MYSPACE.COM/BRIANNA_JORDAN

Brianna Jordan grew up in an extremely conservative Catholic family. So it's not surprising that this Italian-Puerto Rican siren was more than a little nervous to trade up from her virgin status. "I was 15 years old, and it was in my boyfriend's parents' house," she recalls with a telling laugh. "It was a little awkward but sweet and innocent—sort of! Then we screwed like rabbits every day afterward."

An honor roll student, Brianna often found herself getting written up for dress code violations. It seems she always loved showing off her bare essentials. A career in front of the camera was inevitable—and the boyfriend who took the popular MySpace Girl's first nude shots got handsomely rewarded. "He got super turned on," Brianna marvels, "and we ended up having the best sex!"

Besides sex-fueled photo-shoots, Brianna likes to indulge at swingers clubs. Although not into the group-sex scene, she loves having people watch as she gets down with her man. Currently single, Brianna is looking for a guy who is "driven, confident, successful, funny, adventurous, older and able to teach me a few things."

Brianna emphasizes, "I am honestly strictly dickly. Women are beautiful, and I can certainly appreciate that, but no woman will do what a man can for me in bed or otherwise."

That lucky guy will get to enjoy the fruits of Brianna's hard labor. Dedicated to looking sexy, she hits the gym two to three hours a day. The results? A 34F-26-38 body with killer curves.

Bidding adios, Brianna asserts, "I am passionate about life in general—everything, including in bed."

BY MICHELLE McCARTHY

HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #37

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or e-mail *Hustler@LFP.com.*

PHOTOS BY DAMIR K.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

Unwrapped

BOBBI STARR

Guys, meet the breathtakingly beautiful **Bobbi Starr**...our holiday gift to you.

"It is better to give than receive," notes the sexy Californian, "except when it comes to foreplay. I love a guy who knows how to work me into a fervor with his fingers and tongue. If he can give me an orgasm before he even puts his cock in me, he'll receive a night of sex he'll never ever forget!"

Speaking of giving, **Bobbi** admits, "I love giving head. It's kinda my special talent. I know a lot of girls think they're good at it, but I really am. Trust me, I've had a lot of practice. The trick is to really enjoy having a cock in your mouth. It sure turns me on."

Wrapping things up, Ms. **Starr** announces, "This holiday season I wish for world peace, the end of all disease and some really hot sex. Not to sound selfish, but if I have to choose between the three, I'll take the sex. There isn't a girl alive who doesn't need that."

BOBBI STARR'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Los Angeles | AGE: 26 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-9 | WEIGHT: 145

Here's Your Present!
xoxo, Bobbi Starr
HUSTLER®
HONEY
HOLIDAY 2009
CALL 1-800-555-PINK
(1-800-555-7465)
CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER. COST *3.99/MINUTE.

Tina and Diane were discussing their holiday plans. "My Freddie said he'd pay for a boobjob as my Christmas present," Tina gushed.

"That's great," Diane offered. "I was thinking of having my asshole bleached."

Perplexed, Tina remarked, "I just can't picture your husband as a blond."

A middle-aged woman walked into Tiffany's to do some Christmas shopping. Spotting a dazzling diamond bracelet, she bent over the glass case to inspect it and accidentally let out a whopping fart. As she looked over her shoulder, she noticed a salesman standing right behind her.

Ignoring the foul-smelling blast of wind, the flatulent dame asked the fellow how much the bracelet cost.

"Madam," the salesman answered brusquely, "if you farted just looking at it, you're gonna shit your pants when I tell you the price."

HUSTLER Wisdom: Impotence is Mother Nature's way of saying no hard feelings.

Just before Christmas a sorry old bag decided to buy some crotchless panties so she could wear them as a surprise for her husband.

On Christmas morning, when hubby finally dragged his ass out of bed and went downstairs to check out the presents, wifey was lying under the Yule tree. Spreading her withered legs, she crowed, "See anything you like?"

Trying not to puke, the graybeard choked out, "Why would I want any of *that?!* Look what it did to your panties!"

After grabbing a couple of last-minute grocery items for her family's Christmas dinner, a gorgeous fortysomething rushed to the express lane and yelled to the clerk, "Hey, young man, I'm in a hurry. Could you please check me out?"

The clerk eyeballed the impatient woman and muttered, "Nice tits!"

HUSTLER Wisdom: The main reason that Santa is so jolly is because he knows where all the bad girls live.

Taking advantage of two tipsy tarts at the office Christmas party, Dave whisked both blondes into the copy room and proceeded to fuck the shit out of them. Just as he was zipping up, he noticed that the bimbos resembled each other.

"Are you ladies sisters?" Dave asked sheepishly.

"Sisters?!" howled the least-incoherent of the soused babes. "Shit, we're not even Catholic!"

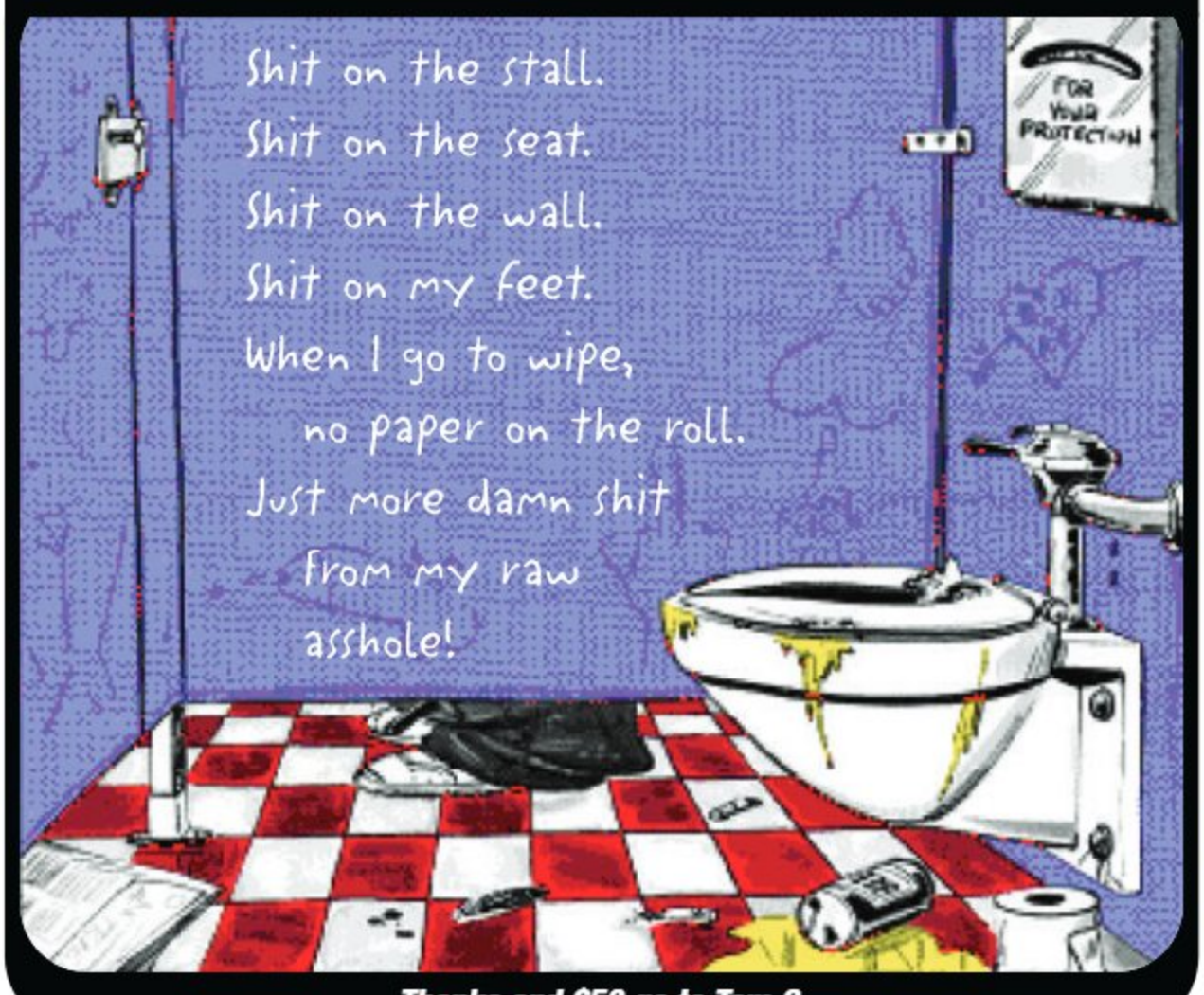
Responding to a 911 call during a power outage, a paramedic found a woman about to give birth in her pitch-dark bedroom. To help with the delivery, he asked the prego's seven-year-old daughter to shine a flashlight over her crotch.

A little baby boy soon popped out, and the rescue worker held him up by the feet and smacked his bottom. As the newborn started to cry, the paramedic asked his juvenile assistant if she had anything to say about her new brother. "He shouldn't have crawled in there in the first place," the tyke yelped. "Smack his ass again!"

Following a visit to the neighborhood tavern for a little holiday cheer, Melvin arrived home and was immediately confronted by his irate wife. "You son of a bitch!" she screamed. "How *dare* you come home half-drunk!"

The loopy lush replied, "It's not my fault, dear! I ran out of money!"

GRAFFILTHY



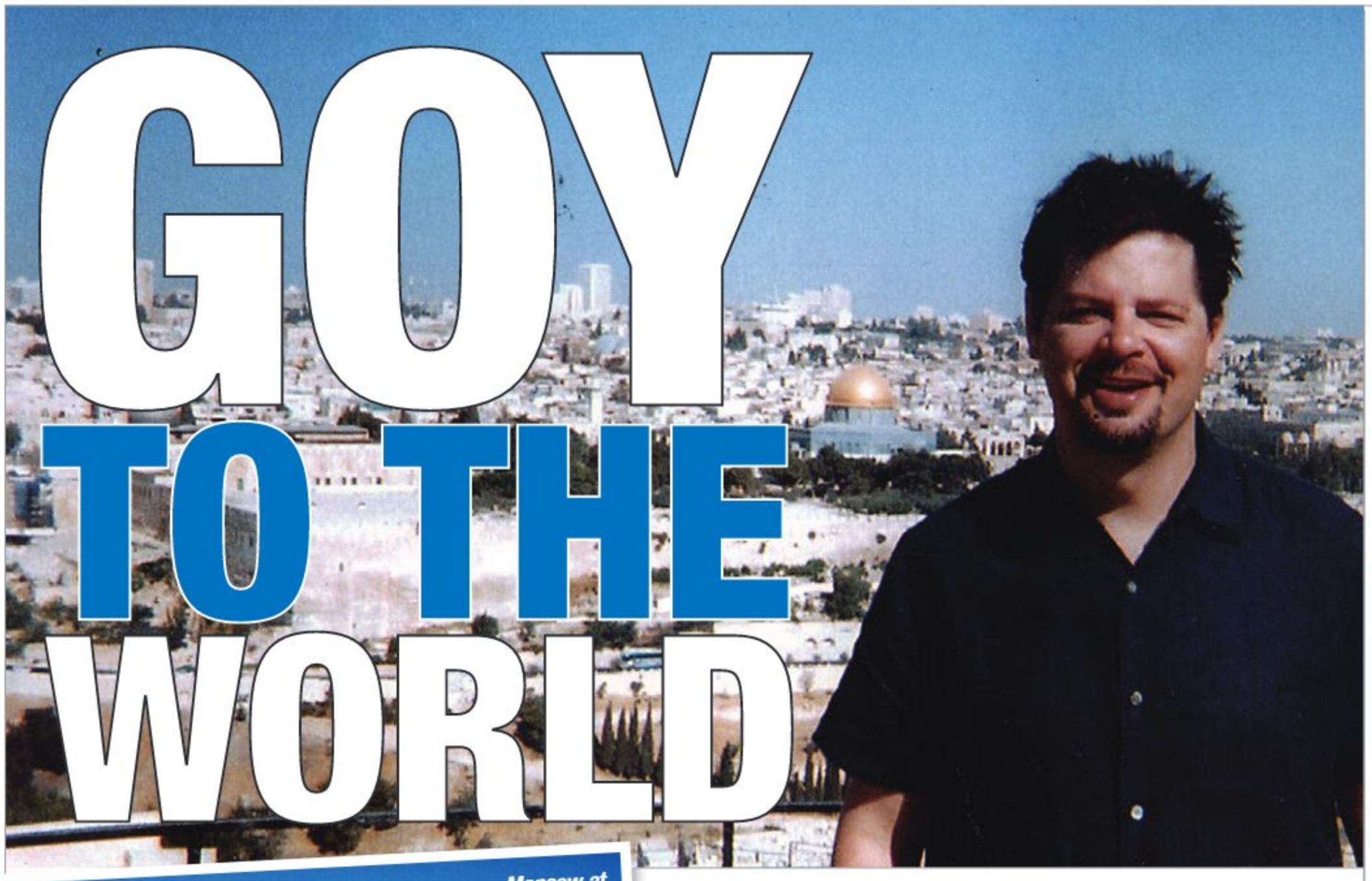
Thanks and $50 go to Tom G.

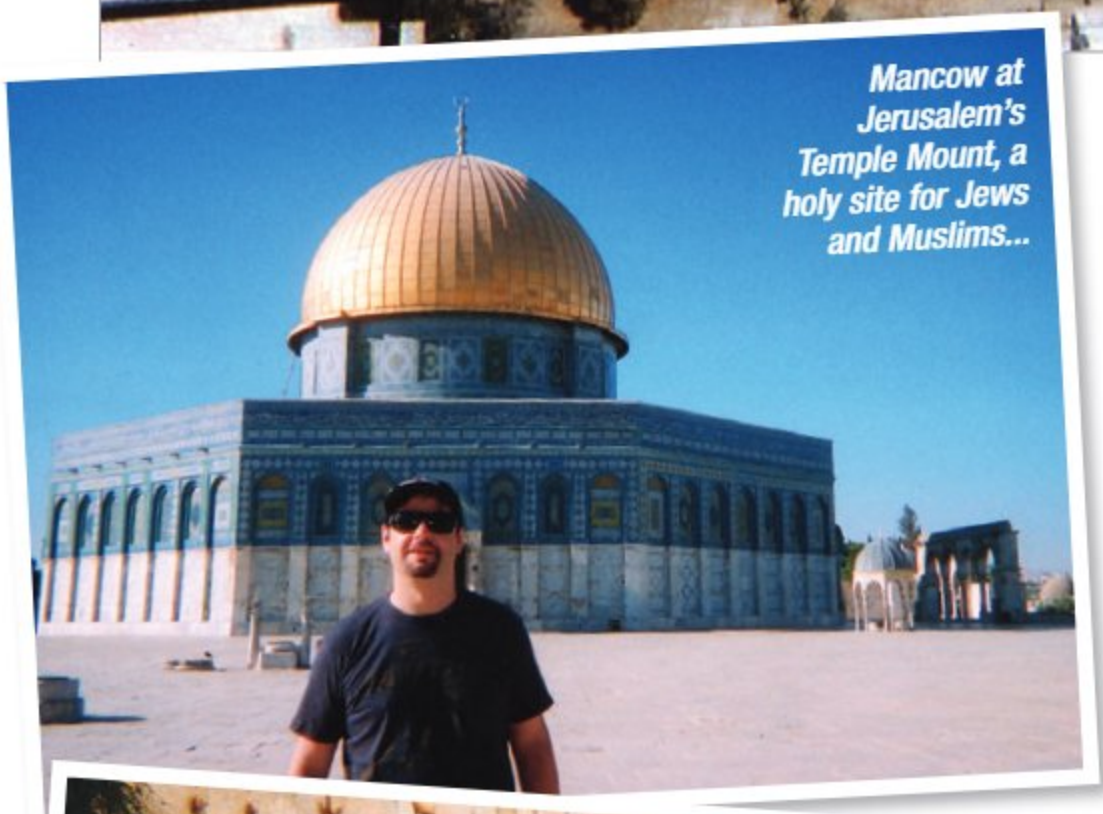
HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"Oh, I'm sorry, honey. Did you want to make love? Cuz I just fired one off in the can!"

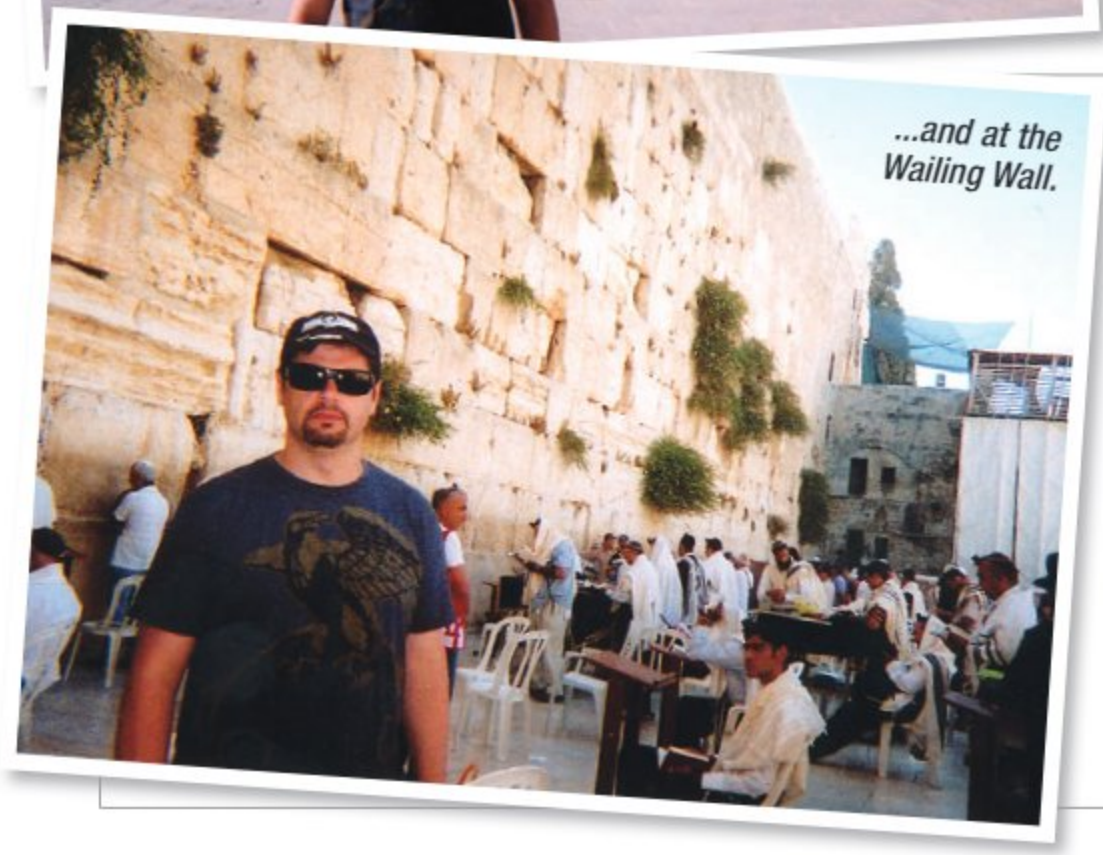
BY MANCOW MULLER

GOY TO THE WORLD





Mancow at Jerusalem's Temple Mount, a holy site for Jews and Muslims...



...and at the Wailing Wall.

THE ANGRIEST MAN IN CHICAGO CRUISES THE HOLY LAND, DARES ARMAGEDDON TO GET HIM AND WISHES A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS ON EVERY-BODY'S HOUSE.

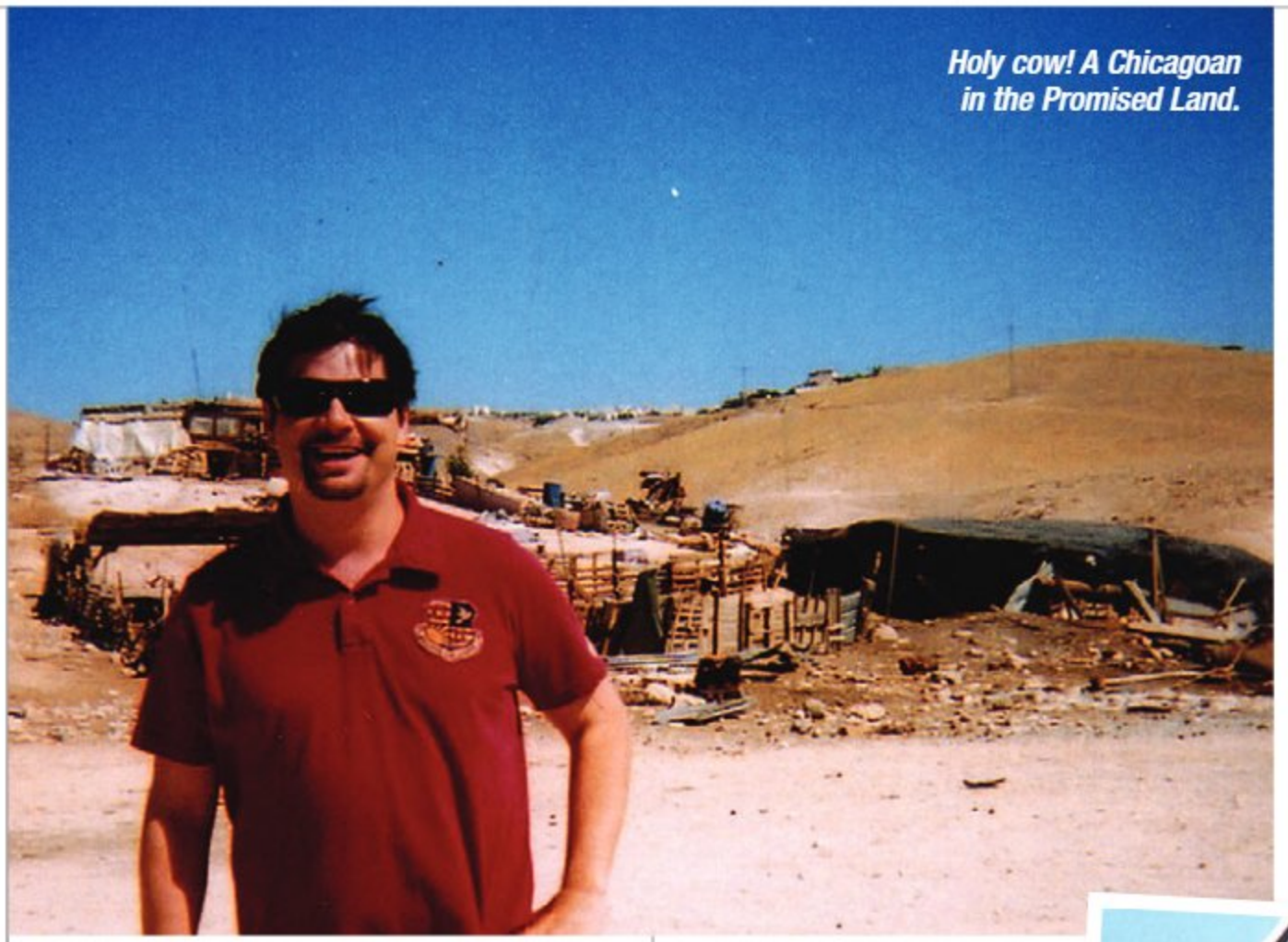
The brink of oblivion edges closer than ever before.

In the West we are told to believe in "closure," but as I travel through the Middle East, the idea that this boiling cauldron of hate will ever be contained feels ridiculous. Anyone who's been here knows this ain't no Disneyfied "Aladdin" scenario, no "happily ever after." The "Game Over" notice is about to flash in the land of Jafar, far, far away.

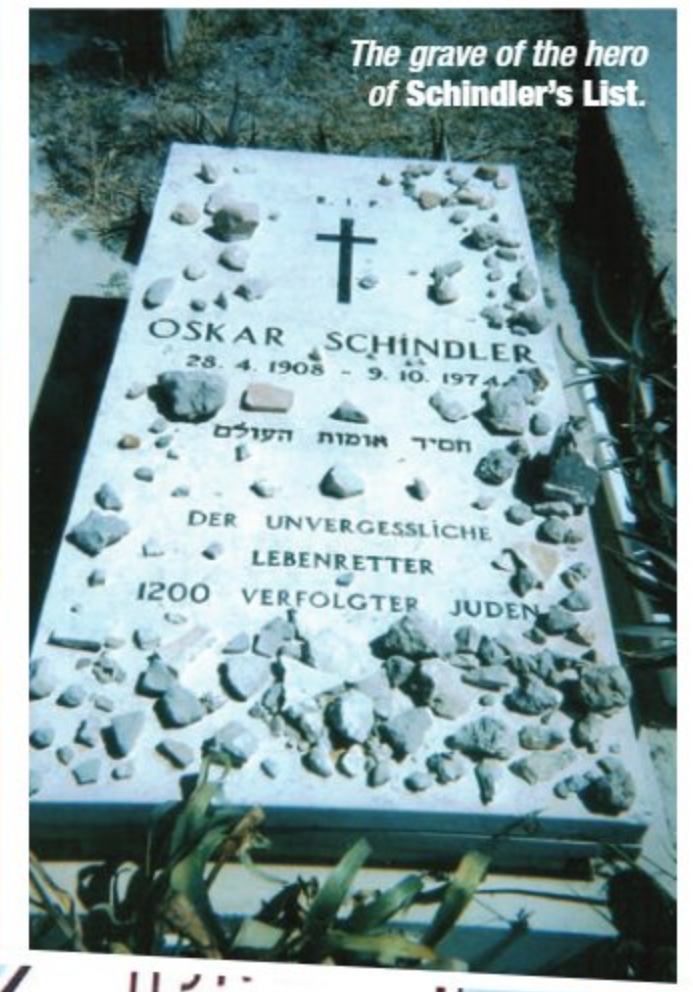
In these regions, people want to kill anyone who isn't down with their sickness. Period. When I look into the eyes of many of these locals, all I can see is the ancient hatred. The death cult mentality is as hot as the air in a kiln. We fund the hate with every drop of oil we buy.

"The Jews run the media!" callers sometimes yell on my radio program. True or not, how has the media allowed an organization like Hamas to out-spin them? It didn't help that the West's spokesperson against radicalized Islam was stumblebum-in-chief George W. Bush. It

PHOTOS COURTESY MANCOW MULLER



Holy cow! A Chicagoan in the Promised Land.



The grave of the hero of **Schindler's List.**

comes down to America loving an underdog and Palestinians having long relished the role of victim. It's perfect casting. However, Hamas is not the victim; they are playing us as rubes. We are the idiot dunce at this high-stakes, global poker game, and the payout is the world.

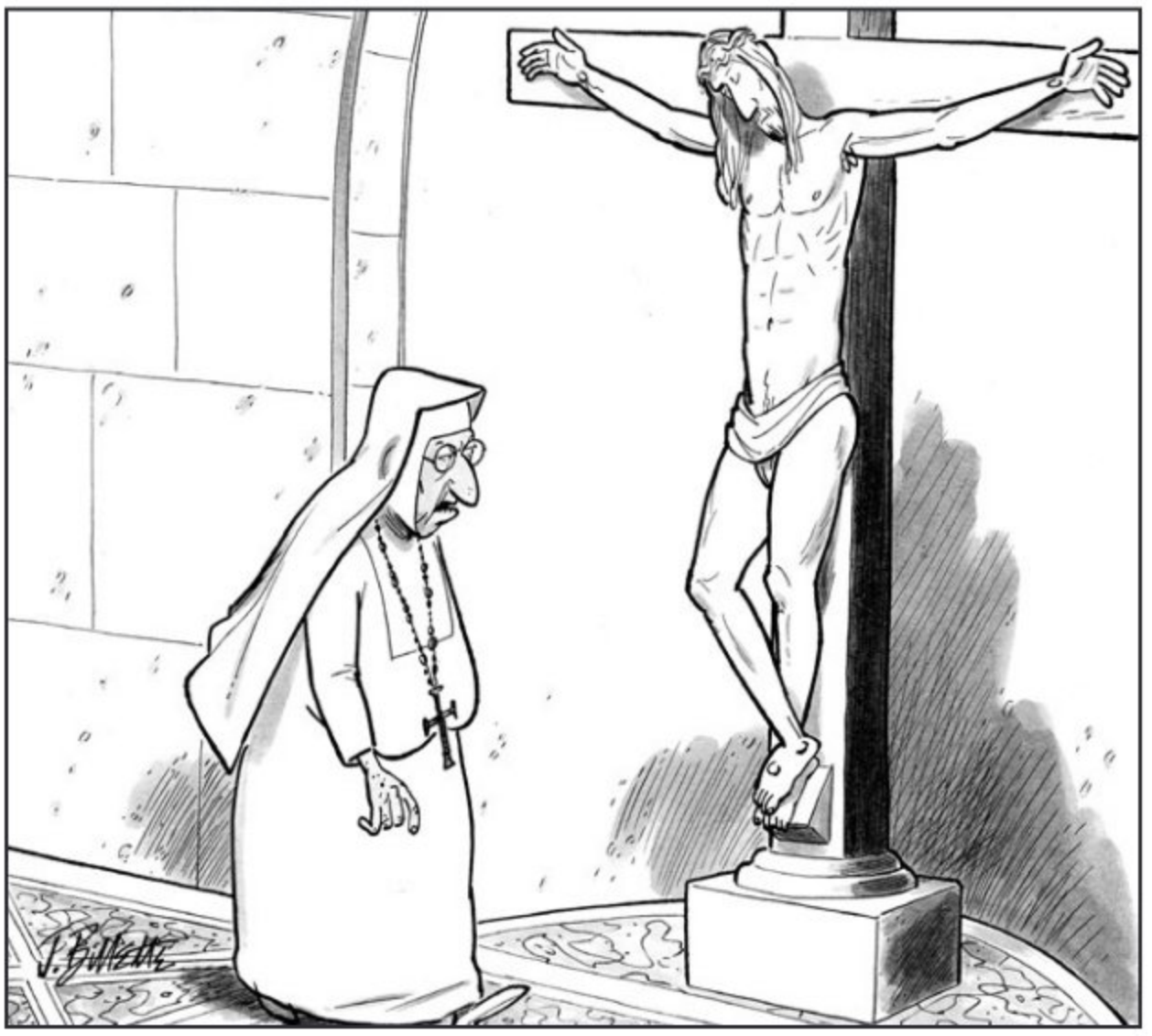
But as Hitler marked the Jews with felt yellow stars, the Jewish government demands that Palestinian cabs be painted yellow. My Palestinian cabbie tells me, "For every two Jews, there's ten opinions and that's why they can't deal with us." Cabbie laughs and continues, "They never get nothing done! They argue and argue." He brags that the average suicide bomber captured by the government gets less than two years in prison. But any "suicide bomber" alive in prison would therefore be a failure, right? We zigzag from this area to the next, in and out of the checkpoints, up and over Israeli roads that seem to go nowhere forever, like we're stuck in an Escher drawing.

"The Jews put their flags everywhere," Cabbie says, "like children marking their toys. Soon? Pffft!" He finds his Jewish antagonists weak and laughable. This Palestinian's honesty is refreshingly brutal. He has no façade, no veil of self-righteous delusions. In the land of an eye for an eye, mercy has no champions. Islam is a religion of peace—unless you, the infidel, say it is not, and then they want you dead!

They are very clear. "We want the Jew dead," Cabbie says. The first times I heard people say this, I thought they meant some singular Jewish individual, like the Israeli Prime Minister. Or Barbra Streisand. No. To the contrary, when they say "the Jew" they are talking in the plural. Oh, and FYI, hombre: That means you and me, too. Gentile or not. "We have lots of kids. They don't. It's a numbers game. Boom! We win. They die," Cabbie laughs. Yeah, Lenny Bruce has nothing on this guy's sick sense of humor.

Thorns like those used for Christ's crucifixion crown.

The birthplace of Christ at the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem.



"Oh, put some clothes on!"

"Mandatory employee healthcare will kill me! Most elves are a hundred years old, obese and raging alcoholics!"

Before I exit his cab, I fake-argue over the fare. It's insulting to an Arab's intelligence if you don't fight with them over the price of everything. Otherwise, they think they stupidly didn't ask for enough. As he speeds away he heaves a trail of garbage out his cab's window. The Arab areas I see all have backyards filled with waste.

I saw a Bedouin camp. The Bedouins are like Mideastern gypsies, roaming where they want. Unfortunately, in this modern world of fences and walls, they are forced to stay stationary with their camels and trash piles. To visit a Bedouin encampment is to visit a ramshackle shithole.

With history all around, so in-your-face, many locals live in the past, addicted to old grudges and hatreds. Hate is on replay inside them. You see it in their grimacing faces and sullen eyes. It is a land where everybody is offended by everything, all the time. The slightest slight becomes a barnburner.

Back at the David Citadel Hotel I push an elevator button to get to my room. This sent one ultra-orthodox type into a tizzy. Apparently, on the Jewish Sabbath they can't work, they can't use "fire," and pushing an elevator button is classified as labor, or fire, or electricity. Or something. So these guys go slowly floor to floor, waiting for some goy like me to push the right button so they can eventually reach their floor without offending God.

Some identify so strongly with their painful pasts that their emotional selves and egos are drunk on their own pain. The most devout of every group prays the same ancient prayer over and over and over all day, every day, their entire lives. Don't they think God ever gets bored hearing that? I choose to live in the Now, viewing the Present as a present. I actually choose happiness as an option. That's an offensive lifestyle choice to many of them. Their Past is always present. As one pilgrim confided to me, "The moderates here only hate for two generations."

When Mark Twain visited here in 1867, he wrote of traveling for days on end and seeing nobody. Jerusalem was a town of a few thousand people and some thorn trees such as were used to make a faux crown when they crucified Jesus. Photos from just 60 years ago look exactly like those desolate images the Mars Rover beamed back to Earth. Out of a wasteland the Jews have brought forth vast forests, fresh produce and glimmering cities. It has made their neighbors very jealous.

A kibbutz is a communist compound where visitors can stay. They have these all over Israel. But customer service? Do you think Eastern Bloc mentality and quality service go together? You'd be wrong. Instead of the socialist kibbutzes, I prefer the many world-class resorts sprinkled throughout the country. One resort featured a healthy sulfur bath. It's like being in a giant's *(continued on page 110)*

THE "FUCK IT"
STOPS HERE
Toosley.

Ron White:

Blue-Collar Christmas

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

He may not be able to "fix stupid," but Ron White knows working-class humor. The bad boy of the Blue Collar Comedy crew sat down with HUSTLER ("a rag" he admittedly reads) to discuss doing blow with Sam Kinison, his nickname "Tater Salad" and the holiday season.

HUSTLER: Are you worried that doing a HUSTLER interview might ruin your image?

RON WHITE: I've been reading the rag for a while. I read Larry's book, and it said in there that he returns all his phone calls. So I actually called him in the middle of the day. He wasn't there, so I left a message. Twenty minutes later he called me back. I don't even think he knew who I was. Cool guy.

I love to read stuff that Larry writes, and I believe him to be a patriot, a good man and a pornographer. You can be all three. I don't have a problem with HUSTLER Magazine. Besides, it's not like *Playboy* is knocking down the door to talk to me. They think I'm bad for their image. Every once in a while you find a great match. HUSTLER seemed like a great match for me. I love what Hefner did to get us started. Then Guccione took us to pubic hair, and then Larry took us where we wanted to go, which is on the inside.

What is a blue-collar Christmas like?

When I was a kid, we had an aluminum Christmas tree with the rotating colored lights that shined on it. That just gives me a warm fuzzy feeling to look back at that. I can remember the disappointment I felt with each gift I opened. But still, there was good food coming.

Now I take my holiday survival kit with me everywhere I go. It's usually got a couple of nice scotch glasses because I hate to drink out of a shitty glass, and they're not gonna have a good glass where I'm going. There is usually a bottle of good scotch and a bottle of bad scotch, which is the decoy scotch for people who really don't like scotch. It's not gonna matter to them.

Eventually you'll drink so much that you can't get drunk anymore, so there's a bottle of tequila. A lot of people think that's a dead end. But it's not! You just shift booze and drink harder. Stay focused and you can get drunk again. Usually there's a bong and some dental floss because you want to take care of your teeth always, and you never know when you're gonna need a bong. Also, I leave a driver in the driveway, the engine running in case I have to get out of there.

What is the worst gift you've ever received?

It was a set of golf clubs, which is not a bad gift. I told my dad I wanted golf clubs for Christmas no matter what. Really what I wanted was a mini bike. The box that the clubs came in was about the same size as a mini bike even though I knew the weight wasn't working out when I picked it up. Still, in my mind, I had the hope that a mini bike would roll out of there with a little lawn mower engine and a pull cord. Then I would be free to roam the streets. Fucking golf clubs!

Do you feel bad for little people who have to dress like elves to make a buck during the holidays?

Well, somebody has to do it, and it's not gonna be me. That I can assure you.

What is eggnog?

Dave Attell is a friend of mine, and he says it's elf cum. His joke is, "Eggnog is for girls that want to get a little drunk but also want pancakes." We don't drink it.

Are all shopping mall Santas pedophiles?

I would say most shopping mall Santas are peed on, but I wouldn't guess they were pedophiles.

How did you start doing comedy?

I came out of the Vietnam War with a nasty drug problem and was probated to a drug abuse program in Houston. I became their primary public speaker. I went around to high schools to tell kids my life story. In front of them onstage it was the first time I ever felt comfortable in my own skin. I knew that this was something I could do that most people couldn't do. I could make the kids laugh.

I think I inherited my timing from my uncle because he was a great Southern Baptist preacher and very funny. A few years later they built a comedy club between where I lived and where I worked selling windows and doors. They started having open-mic night.

My friend Sam went to the open-mic night, came back the next day and said, "You're funnier than these guys. You should go do this." I wrote four minutes of rip-snortin' comedy. I went up onstage, and it went okay. I got some laughs. Wasn't sure why, but I got some. Within about two months,

even if it was just for four minutes, I was killing.

Was opening for Sam Kinison your big break?

I had been doing stand-up for two and a half years, and I opened for him at the Dallas Convention [Center] theater. His people called the comedy club the day of the show and asked who was around. The club said, "This guy Ron White is really funny." Since I got the gig at the last minute, I didn't really have time to freak out about it.

I was backstage, and Sam's brother Bill—who was his manager—came back. He explained to me that at that point Sam's opening act was often a sacrificial lamb because his fans just wanted to hear Sam scream. They didn't care what he said as long as he screamed.

There were people from several chains of comedy clubs. Together they represented a year's worth of work. I went out, and I killed. I had a ball out there. I could see Bill peeking around the curtain. I walk offstage and still no Kinison. Finally he shows up, but he's not worried about the 2,000 people in the audience. He sends his bodyguard to get me.

I walk into his dressing suite, and he's in the back with what looked to be a hooker—looked to be. I didn't ask any questions. Sam's got this big bag of blow, and he's pounding on the table trying to get it out. He looks up at me and says, "Heard you killed 'em, cowboy." I said, "Yeah, it's a good crowd." He pounds out the coke and says, "How 'bout a cup of coffee?"

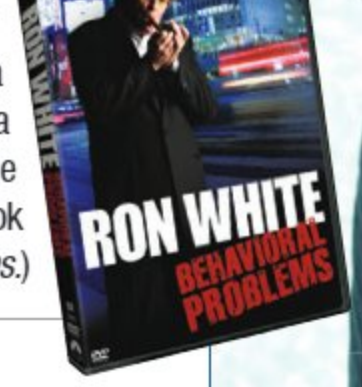
I knew that I wasn't gonna get a helluva lot of chances to do a bump with Kinison. It's Kinison! Oh, what the hell? It was like a toast. I did a bump, and he makes a big rail for himself and does it. He then clutches his chest and falls to the ground like he's having a heart attack. Everybody in his camp is jaded, but I'm about to start sucking face [CPR] with him. This guy is one of my heroes, and he's laying dead after doing a rail that could easily kill somebody. I lean over him to suck face; then he opens his eyes and says, "Gotcha!"

He then jumps up and screams, "Watch this!" He went onstage and beat that audience to death. The next day the club guys offered me 50 weeks' worth of stand-up work. That same day I quit my job selling windows and doors. It was the greatest day of my life.

How did you hook up with the Blue Collar guys?

The first night I ever did stand-up, Jeff Foxworthy was the headliner in the club. When I came offstage, Foxworthy said, "Man, you're really funny, but you need to put the punch line at the end of the joke." I was intrigued. He sat me down and restructured my jokes. He said, "After you say the punch line, just stare at them until they laugh."

Then in 1996 he got big enough to take someone on tour with him. He took me, which was a gracious thing for him to do. He always believed in my talent. It was his goal for a long time to make me a famous comedian, and he truly sucks at it because it took him for-fucking-ever! (*Laughs.*)



Have you encountered comedy groupies?

Some horny waitresses maybe. No groupies. It's still not rock 'n' roll. At this point that I've reached, some sort of minor celebrity status of whatever I am, it's a little different. But now it's too late.

Do you have any sex tips?

The clitoris is as sensitive as an eyeball. That's all I know. Don't go rubbing on it if it's dry.

How much scotch do you drink onstage?

It depends on my mood, what I've been through that day or how thirsty I am. I have these big appetites. If left to my own devices, I'd weigh 400 pounds and drink all the scotch in the room. I try to keep a check on it. I'm not hugely successful at that.

How did you get the nickname "Tater Salad"?

In my early work it's the most famous piece of comedy I've done. It comes from a story about an arrest. The short version is that a cop asked me if I had any aliases, and I was being a smartass and said, "Yeah, they call me Tater Salad." My friends did call me that. The reason they did is when I was in the Navy on this piece-of-shit ship called the *Conserver*, they were doing a family picnic. I liked the cook's potato salad because it was like my mother's.

I was 17, maybe 18, and had this accent that I exaggerated because I thought my stupidity might be charming. I was trying to get somebody to hang out with me. I hollered, "Come relieve me before they eat all that tater salad." The Navy guys nicknamed me that. Then I was arrested and asked for aliases. I just assumed that would be my alias. Seventeen years later I get thrown out of a bar in New York, and the officer says, "Are you Ron 'Tater Salad' White?"

What was your recent Florida arrest about?

I fired these two pilots. I have a plane, and these guys didn't have my plane where I wanted it and were making these weird decisions on their own to where my plane should be. So I fired them. They called the police and told them there were drugs on the plane. And I don't want them dead. (*Grins evil grin.*) I couldn't be happier they're alive. The cops came out, searched the plane for an hour and a half and found seven-eighths of a gram of marijuana. They frisked me up against my plane, handcuffed me in front of fans, put me in a cop car and took me to jail. They drove by three meth labs and a dead fucking hooker to get there.

Tell us about your new Comedy Central show.

It's a pilot. I think it's gonna be called *Ron White's Weekly Buzz*. We're gonna cover obscure stuff and stay out of Stephen Colbert and Jon Stewart's way. I'm just going to try and entertain my fans for 21 minutes a week.

Do you have any New Year's resolutions?

Yeah, I promised my girlfriend that I would gain another ten pounds and eat fewer vegetables. I think I'm right on track.

Here's a list of CDs, DVDs, toys and more for the most important person on your holiday shopping list…you!

STUFF THIS IN YOUR STOCKING!

FUTURAMA: ***The Complete Collection 1999 to 2009***
Matt Groening's second-best animated series ever is dead. R.I.P. Fry, Zoidberg and Lela. All we have to remember them by is this special edition of the complete series on DVD housed in Bender's head. We'll pour a little Slurm out on the curb for ya.

THE GIRLFRIEND EXPERIENCE

Sure, at first it's a little unsettling to see Sasha Grey in a DVD where she doesn't have sex. Then you'll find yourself transfixed and almost hypnotized by her smoldering intensity in this Steven Soderbergh film. As the closing credits roll, you'll realize it's as sexy as anything Sasha has ever done in porn.

CALIFORNICATION: ***The Second Season***
Watching the self-confessed real-life sex addict David Duchovny play a self-absorbed womanizing Hollywood writer may make some people uncomfortable. Not us. We think it's funny as hell. The second season of the former *X-Files* star's great series is finally on DVD.

THE SIMPSONS: ***Season 12***

Best season ever! Okay, one of the best. Here's why: Homer's brain crayon, Lisa hugs a tree, Bart joins a boy band, Ned builds a religious theme park and Comic Book Guy has a heart attack.

MY NAME IS EARL: ***Season 4***
How the hell could NBC cancel the best blue-collar sitcom in the history of TV? Idiots! Until TBS picks up the ball for a possible season 5, we'll have to settle for the show's fourth (and hopefully not final) season on DVD.

STAR WARS: ***The Clone Wars Complete Season One***

Most hard-core fans think anything but the original *Star Wars* movie (and maybe *Empire Strikes Back*) sucks. Not so with the first season of Lucas's animated series. The Force is strong with this one! This three-DVD set is packed with 22 episodes (including seven director's cut versions), and a ton of extras awaits you in a galaxy far, far away.

PAUL NEWMAN: ***Tribute Collection***
Easily one of the best actors of the past 50 years, Paul Newman was one of a kind. His master film work is captured in this impressive DVD box set. It includes everything from *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* to *The Towering Inferno* to *The Verdict* and our favorite, *The Hustler*.

THE MIGHTY BOOSH: ***Seasons 1, 2 & 3***

Fans of *Flight of the Conchords* and *H.R. Pufnstuf* now have a middle ground. This BBC series about two zoo employees and their journey through space and time is a bizarre slice of oddball hilarity. Seasons 1, 2 and 3 are also available separately.

R.E.M. ***Reckoning Deluxe Edition***
Remastered and expanded, R.E.M.'s brilliantly introspective CD comes packaged with a super bonus: a disc featuring a 1980s R.E.M. concert in hometown Athens, Georgia, that is worth a listen for the surprisingly vibrant cover of Velvet Underground's "Femme Fatale" alone.

DEF LEPPARD ***Pyromania & Adrenalize Deluxe Editions***

Def Leppard's *Pyromania* was a breakthrough album for rock 'n' roll. It introduced a blend of pop and heavy metal to a large audience that for the first time included girls. Chicks at metal shows? Thank you, Def Leppard! *Adrenalize*, the group's first CD without Steve "Steamin'" Clark, ain't half-bad either. Both reissues include a disc of live songs, covers and B-sides. **Also available: Whitesnake's *Slide It In* and *Slip of the Tongue* Deluxe Editions.**

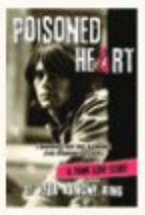
DAVE MATTHEWS BAND ***Big Whiskey and The Groo Grux King***
The death of saxophonist LeRoi Moore could have signaled the end of DMB. Instead, Dave and the band dug deep and delivered their most inspired album in years.

THE STONE ROSES ***The Stone Roses***

In 1989 Brit pop reached its peak with the Stone Roses' debut album. Twenty years later the breakthrough release (which really still holds up) gets expanded into a three-disc set.

TAP THIS!
Welcome to the resurrection of Spinal Tap. The hilarious fake rock band celebrates its 25th anniversary with a couple of must-haves. The classic mockumentary *This Is Spinal Tap* arrives on Blu-ray with a ton of bonus content. Meanwhile, *Back From the Dead*—the outfit's first CD in more than a decade—offers up studio recordings of all the classic tracks from the above-mentioned film. And yes, both items go to 11.

BOOKS THAT ROCK!



Two books to consider. In this corner, West Coast: Neil Zlozower's *Mötley Crüe: A Visual History 1983-1990* traces the band's rise from Sunset Strip street urchins to bona fide rock gods through hundreds of breathtaking photos. In this corner, East Coast: Vera Ramone King's heartfelt biography *Poisoned Heart* sheds a candid light on her tumultuous life with her former husband, the late bassist Dee Dee Ramone.

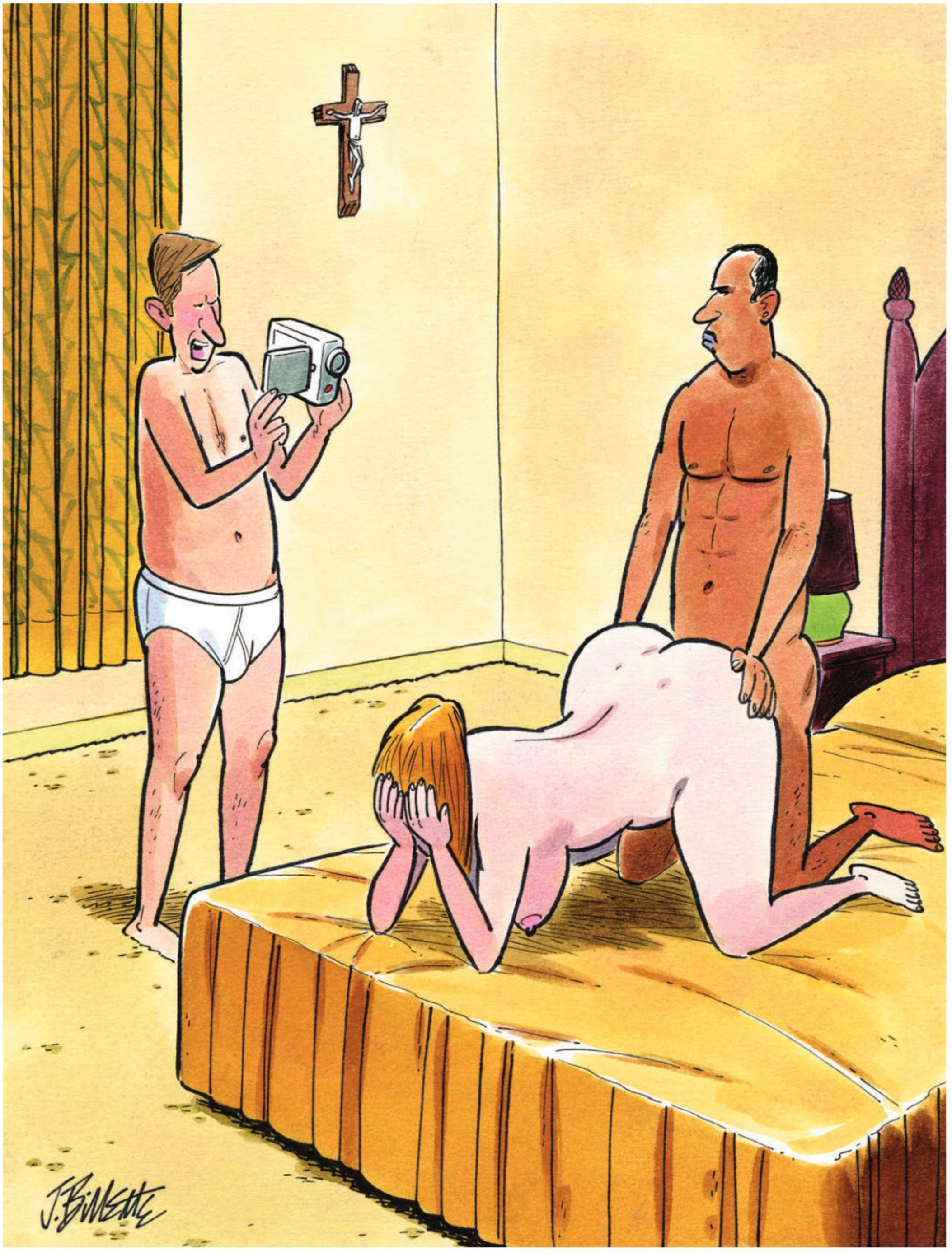
KICKASS KICKS!

Our pal Eddie Van Halen has put out a line of signature striped sneakers featuring the rock legend's trademark design based on his Frankenstein guitar. They are available in either high-top or low-cut with a variety of color schemes: red with black-and-white stripes, white with black stripes (like the guitar Eddie used in 1978) and black with yellow stripes—all with the familiar 5150 tag. To order a pair, head to **EVHgear.com**.

GET YOUR GEEK ON

Old-school video game fans, rejoice! You can finally throw the retro arcade Atari 2600 bash of your dreams with cool new *Ice Invader* ice cube trays and the *Pac-Man* oven mitt from Fred. Available at **PopDeluxe.net/Fred-Ice-Invaders.html**.

BLOODY BOBBLEHEAD
If you want a real conversation piece, there's the G.G. Allin bobblehead. The Scumfuck's likeness—complete with blood, spit and filth—has been crafted into a one-of-a-kind collectible. Available at **SeeOfSound.com**.



"Oh, relax, Mary! We're Catholic—you're supposed to feel guilty!"

THIS AIN'T THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY XXX

Come on, get happy! Here's a behind-the-scenes look a HUSTLER Video's most entertaining porn parody.

In this musical misadventure every member of the classic sit-com's showbiz family hits high notes. Leading the way is teen heart-throb Keith (Nick Manning), who belts out a new song when three fame-hungry whores (Madison Scott, Jaclyn Case and Shawna Lenee) sneak backstage to show their appreciation. Gorgeous Laurie (Tori Black) gets banged harder than her tambourine when she trades up from her teenage date to a millionaire playboy. The older man (Eric Swiss) gives Laurie an all-out lesson in lust.

Not to be outdone by his older siblings, redheaded rascal Danny (Sinclair) gets down and dirty with a rocking groupie (Kristina Rose) on the filthy garage floor. Kid sister Tracey (Faye Reagan) may look innocent, but she's really a bad girl at heart. The babe takes a special delivery with extra meat from the pizza boy (Dane Cross).

Even Mrs. Partridge (Payton Leigh) gets fucked. Sexy Shirley unleashes the prowess of her inner cougar on a young grocery boy (Kris Slater), giving him a ride better than any the band ever took on that multicolored bus.

PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

HOLLYWOO

BUS
77

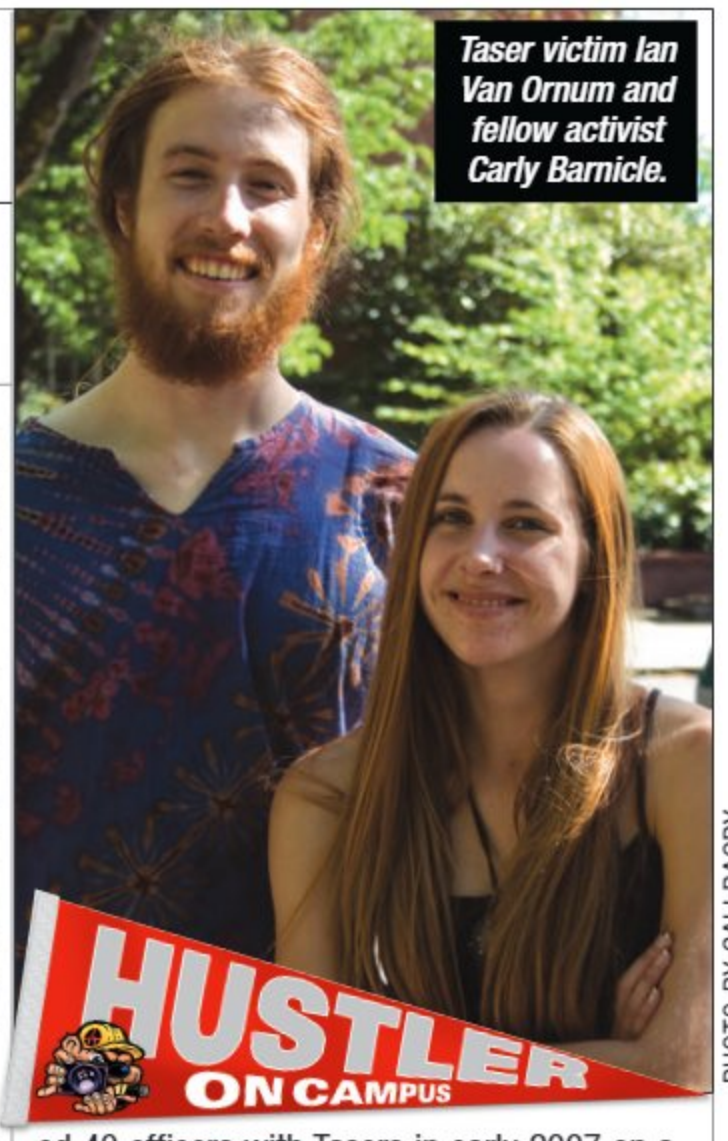
This Ain't the Partridge Family XXX is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

GET
WELL
SOON

GET
WELL
SOON

Taser Shock Waves

The arrest of a **University of Oregon** student puts lawmen on the hot seat.



Taser victim Ian Van Ornum and fellow activist Carly Barnicle.

PHOTO BY CALI BAGBY

When police stunned a University of Florida student with a Taser gun at a September 2007 forum hosting Senator John Kerry, people nationwide tuned in and questioned the use of force. The victim, Andrew Meyer, famously stated, "Don't Tase me, bro!" Although his impassioned plea has become something of a joke, the issue of Taser use remains at the forefront in some college towns.

Rallies and protests have long been common occurrences in Eugene, a liberal city that's home to the University of Oregon. But in May 2008, when a police officer twice Tased student Ian Van Ornum at a downtown anti-pesticides rally, it sparked local outcry and made headlines statewide.

In a June 2008 letter to the *Oregon Daily Emerald*, UO's independent student newspaper, a resident insisted that police had violated Van Ornum's freedom of expression. "Let's support better training and oversight for police rather than the electrocution of our citizens," she suggested.

"If I saw the police treating a dog that way, I would be shocked and appalled."

A couple of weeks later the American Civil Liberties Union of Oregon declared, "Because the use of Tasers has been implicated in more than 250 unintended deaths nationwide, we believe their use should be strictly limited. The current policy allows the use of Tasers in situations where there is no threat to public safety and little threat to police officers."

Eugene PD rules state that Tasers should be deployed only when an individual presents a "credible threat" to the officers or demonstrates or intends to engage in "aggressive, physical resistance."

As recounted during his trial in April 2009, Van Ornum was wearing a Hazmat suit and spraying what his defense maintained was water out of a decorated can. Arriving on the scene, Sergeant Bill Solesbee moved in to arrest the student activist for disrupting traffic. There was a struggle, and witnesses said they saw police officers slam Van Ornum's head to the ground, handling him roughly by his dreadlocks and twisting his arms.

An officer who witnessed the arrest testified that Van Ornum was still struggling with lawmen after the first Tasing. However, video footage showed the protester, spasming and incapacitated, lying facedown and handcuffed when Officer Judd Warden jolted him a second time. The defendant's doctor testified that Van Ornum had suffered a concussion during his ordeal.

Junior Carly Barnicle, who with Van Ornum had formed the student group Crazy People for Wild Places, testified: "If I saw the police treating a dog that way, I would be shocked and appalled." Barnicle went on to say that onlookers shouted at the officers to not hurt Van Ornum.

On the stand, former professor Lisa Arkin, executive director of the Oregon Toxics Alliance, recalled that she helped Van Ornum organize the rally and that "street theater" is normal for such events. She said Van Ornum acted appropriately.

Meanwhile, the police testified that the Taser was necessary to subdue him. Although video footage and phone records contradicted some of their testimony, Van Ornum was found guilty of disorderly conduct and resisting arrest. The jury foreman later told the *Register-Guard*, Eugene's daily newspaper, that despite their unanimous verdict, he and other jurors "found the behavior of some police officers troubling."

Launching a probe, the city hired Joyce Naffziger to look into the matter, but in May 2009 the private investigator resigned, saying she was prohibited from asking police officers direct questions.

Two weeks later, EPD—which had provided 40 officers with Tasers in early 2007 on a trial basis—announced plans to eventually equip all its officers with the weapon.

The *Emerald* editorial board wrote that expanding the program mid-investigation was "a slap in the face. ... If EPD wants the respect and cooperation of citizens, it needs to take decisive and transparent steps toward accountability. At this point its concerns seem to lie first and foremost with expanding its power and making lame attempts at saving face."

Eugene citizens and UO students continue to question Taser use. The *Register-Guard* reported that at a July 31, 2009, debate, Police Chief Pete Kerns defended the weapon, saying it can reduce injuries and prevent deaths, while others dissented.

EPILOGUE: Van Ornum was sentenced to 18 months probation and 80 hours of community service and ordered to pay court costs and $500 in attorney fees. A week earlier, Judd Warden was named EPD's Officer of the Year.

Allie Grasgreen, a University of Oregon senior majoring in journalism and minoring in environmental studies, is editor in chief of the *Oregon Daily Emerald*.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 133 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

Kiley: Washington State University

"I'm down to broaden my experiences, and nude modeling got added to the list," declares Kiley O'Connor, 19, a WSU sophomore majoring in communications.This isn't the first time the honor student from Kent, Washington, has been seen in the buff, but taking the HUSTLER route has its upside: no worries about catching pneumonia or getting busted. "During the last Super Bowl," Kiley explains, "I bet on the Cardinals. Unfortunately, they lost, so I had to do two laps around my apartment complex wearing only heels—meaning I couldn't run! My biggest issue was the temperature: 35 degrees Fahrenheit."

But the 5-foot-7 sprite isn't always hesitant to freeze her ass off. "I like to ski and snowboard," she replies when asked about her pastimes. "Even though we don't usually win, I love going to football games. When it's sunny, I play tennis, and I work out almost every day."

Addressing sex, Kiley—who's fluent in French and tutors fellow students—is frank: "I love to give head! I'm proud of my oral skills; my pierced tongue does wonders. I have experimented with some female friends, but I'd much rather be with a guy. No girl could ever replace a penis. The position that always gets me going is doggy-style. Guys are usually afraid they'll hurt me, but in bed I like to be thrown around. The occasional bruise is never a bad thing."

Neither is a brush with the law. Recalling a quickie in the backseat of her then-boyfriend's car, Kiley gasps, "The door opened, and I fell out, naked, in front of a policeman. Thankfully, we got off with just a warning, then drove home and had the most amazing sex ever!"

Looking to broaden her sexual experiences, Kiley muses, "I'm dying to have sex on a Harley. The rumble of the bike and thrusting of my partner would be incredible." —Photos by Boyfriend

"That's tissues, a HUSTLER Magazine, hand lotion and a six-pack. Wife still out of town, Mr. Burlan?"

"I've been looking for something in my price range, and I think I've found it!"

(continued from page 92) Dutch oven. And floating in the Dead Sea is like being in some giant's warm salty load of semen. Mmm. Sounds nice, huh?

One aggressive Ahava Dead Sea therapeutic mud salesman offered to pack my mud for travel. Okay, that was a straight line and I couldn't resist. When I cracked wise about him "packing my mud," he gazed upon me like the little white dog Nipper hearing his master's voice from the RCA Victor phonograph for the very first time: "Huh?"

When I asked another man how long the Six-Day War was…no response.

At one checkpoint in an airport, when I giggled, saying the security wand tickled, I got nothing but the zombie stare. Apparently the famed Jewish humor has all migrated to America.

The namesake town of Mary of Magdala is where, in ancient times, they reportedly spoke to angels. In this modern era, many in this hilltop town have reported UFOs. Capernaum, Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives and the Sea of Galilee are all within driving distance of each other. It boggles the mind. When I was taken to see a pillar of salt that my guide claimed had been Lot's wife (until she looked back to see Sodom being destroyed in the biblical story) my bullshit meter registered off the scale. No matter, this truly is an amazing place.

As I walked through the peaceful fields of the valley of Megiddo I allowed my fingers to dance along the crop tops. This field of produce, so the Believers believe, will someday be home to the final battle on earth. The word "Armageddon" comes from "Megiddo." Standing here doing a 360, it's easy to imagine how it could happen. Iran nukes Israel. America gets involved, and then China, then Russia, then all the armies of this world meet for one final Battle Royale.

So, Hur-ry, hur-ry, hur-ry! Step right up! See the sites now, because they won't be here tomorrow! Soon it'll all be gone…just another layer of memories baking in the blistering sun. Tourism is their business, and as loud as we Americans speak and dress, you would think they could be a bit nicer to us. We could be worse.

Having traveled the world, I can honestly say we should stop all of our current trade agreements, put up a big wall around America, *Escape From New York*-style, and worry about ourselves from now on. Anyone is certainly welcome to leave…but nobody else can enter, no matter what their country of origin, their religion or their personal misery. We will build our own trinkets and live and die by what we do.

What Dorothy chanted over and over again to escape Oz has never been truer: Click your heels together three times, and say it after me: There's no place like home, there's no place like home….

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Rachel Roxxx hits the rocks with her **Big Tits**.*

*Game, set and snatch! **Sporty** Nicole Sheridan bends the rules.*

Big Tits in Sports

BRAZZERS. STARRING: NICOLE SHERIDAN, RACHEL ROXXX, SHY LOVE, SHAWNA LENEE, JESSICA LYNN, KYLEE STRUTT, MASON MOORE, MIKEY BUTDERS, CHARLES DERA, JOHNNY SINS, TONY T & VOODOO.

Waiting for your copy of HUSTLER's *Not Monday Night Football XXX* to show up? Check out this athletic bazonga bouncer from Brazzers. *Big Tits in Sports* is as straightforward as the title: Chicks with plenty of chest padding act like they're playing sports, then end up using their best skills to win the game. Bouncy sports like tennis are a natural choice, of course, and lanky Nicole Sheridan makes up for a weak serve by showing us why tennis skirts are so short. Later, frustrated boxer Shy Love lets her trainer get her against the ropes, and cute speed demon Shawna Lenee has to win back her wheels with a championship screw. But the standout scene has to be Rachel Roxxx's no-panties rock climbing. What a view! Porn stars are athletes to begin with, so it's fun to see them challenge their bodies in new and ridiculous ways. As usual, Brazzers dishes up the money's worth on stroke fodder, with more tit-fucking than you'll see at your local gym. Remember: It ain't whether you win or lose, it's how you score! ***—M.J.***

***Sports** contender Shy Love gets knocked through the ropes.*

Barely Legal Bush: *Carmella Santiago and Laurie Vargas tend to the gardening.*

Barely Legal Bush

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: CARMELLA SANTIAGO, LAURIE VARGAS, BRITNEY RAY, HONEY DEJOUR, DESTINY DAY, AARON WILCOX, SEBASTIAN SILVER, KURT LOCKWOOD, BILLY GLIDE & LEE STONE.

These days the all-too-rare exotic foliage know as "bush" appears to grow mostly in hot, exotic regions, judging by the flavor of this flick. Intrepid explorer Will Ryder (famous for his porn spoofs) has shouldered his camera to hunt out unspoiled specimens of the elusive curly growth. His most shaggably carpeted find may be sweet Carmella Santiago, whose tawny sprigs sprawl from a pristine teen pussy all the way up to her belly button. Fuzzy Carmella is sinfully cute, but busty, braces-wearing Honey Dejour turns in a great performance too after visiting the salon for a bikini trim that she doesn't need. Do we need to tell you what she *does* need? The all-natural lays down her scene loud and nymphomanic like a Latina is supposed to. Choco-treat Destiny Day is another charming dick-stiffener even if her tagline, "So hairy, it's scary," is a slight exaggeration. Our prize for best bush goes to Laurie Vargas with her authentic south-of-the-border looks and a rug you'd love to sink your toes (and other body parts) into. As long as Laurie keeps that lush patch well-fertilized (you'll be happy to oblige), it's safe to say that bush is back to stay.

—M.J.

Tropical Stormy *Daniels raises spirits.*

Operation: Tropical Stormy

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: STORMY DANIELS. STARRING: STORMY DANIELS, ANNABELLE LEE, BELLA LING, CAROLYN REESE, DESIREE DIAMOND, DEVON LEE, GIANNA LYNN, HAVANA GINGER, INDIA SUMMER, MIA LELANI, MIKAYLA MENDEZ, MYA LUANNA, NIKKI RHODES, RENAE CRUZ, SAMMIE RHODES, SHYLA STYLEZ, DAVE CUMMINGS, EVAN STONE, JULIUS CEAZHER, MARCUS LONDON, MARK WOOD, RANDY SPEARS, TEE REEL, TOMMY GUNN, TONY DE SERGIO & VOODOO.

When she's not stirring up Louisiana's political gumbo or getting arrrested for allegedly battering her beau, Stormy Daniels makes some of the funnest fuck flicks out there. In this eagerly awaited sequel to her smash hit *Operation: Desert Stormy*, gorgeous bungling superspy Rachel (Daniels) and her husband George (Evan Stone) stumble onto a plot by Korean bad guy Kim Jong-il to kill Americans with deadly barbecue sauce. The original *Operation* is a tough act to follow, but Stormy crams the sequel with her trademark deadpan gags and slapstick spirit—along with plenty of "what cannibals do before they eat you." The chemistry between Stormy and Stone is solid, with Stormy getting fun mileage out of their endless bickering (ah, how art imitates life) and Stone sinking his comedy chops into every scene with ridiculous fervor. The three-hour epic features a who's-who cast and comes in a triple-disc loaded with extras. If Stormy runs for office, this is the best campaign ad we've ever seen.

—M.J.

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WIN AN *OPERATION: STORMY* DOUBLE DVD PACK

For your chance to win a Stormy Daniels DVD two-pack with *Operation: Desert Stormy* and *Operation: Tropical Stormy* (signed copy!), just fill out the form below (or a photocopy)—or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard—and send it to Stormy Daniels DVD Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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***Go Go** girl Roxy DeVille does the hump 'n' grind while Smoking Mary Jane (above) enjoys a footlong.*

The Pussy a Go Go!

VIVID-ALT. DIRECTOR: WINKYTIKI. STARRING: SUNNY LANE, ROXY DEVILLE, AMBER RAYNE, SOCHEE MALA, MISTY STONE, KITTY CADILLAC, SMOKING MARY JANE, DIRT REYNOLDS, VIN VERICOSE, JOHN WEST, ALEX GONZ, DANE CROSS & EVAN STONE.

Hipster director Winkytiki's latest pop-porn epic is an improvised mockumentary about an old-style carnival hoochie-coochie show. *The Pussy a Go Go!* nails the boozy, grungy atmosphere of being on the road and doing the bump-and-grind in front of desperate, sweaty men. Times are hard—and they're a-changin'—when some of the new girls start supplementing their meager take by shaking more than their nipple tassles. This flick captures that moment in titty show history when the ol' gawk-and-tease turned into live sex shows and straight-out hoookin'. Stripping and hard-core mesh well in Winkytiki's world, with sultry Sochee Mala as the new girl and milk chocolate Misty Stone delivering a delicious girl/girl scene drenched in bronze skintones. The always-bubbly Sunny Lane is also entirely believable as a carny fuck bunny with the hots for roadie Rick (Evan Stone), who dutifully cleans up the condoms while moppin' the floors. If you're into retro, arty porn that you can still beat off to, *The Pussy a Go Go!* is worth a visit. Just remember the only road rule: Fuck the rules!

—M.J.

*Misty Stone feeds **Pussy** fiend Sochee Mala as Smoking Mary Jane (right) smolders.*

***Shay Jordan** works hard to upstage Daisy Marie.*

Priva and Nautica Thorn (below) experience **Slippage.

***Shay** pals Britney and Jandi play rope-a-dope.*

Shay Jordan: Slippage

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: CELESTE. STARRING: SHAY JORDAN, DAISY MARIE, PRIVA, KARINA KAY, NAUTICA THORN, NIKA NOIR, JANDI LIN, BRITNEY AMBER, DANNY MOUNTAIN, JOHNNY SINS, BEN ENGLISH & TOMMY GUNN.

With anyone but Robby D behind the camera, this would probably be just a standard gonzo series of fuck vignettes. But Mr. D makes some of the most elegant images in all of porn. In this first disc of Digital Playground's new showcase series, he captures a languid, smoldering mood for director Celeste's vision of light bondage. In BDSM lingo, "slippage" usually means "shoddy" (i.e., bondage for wimps). The ropes, restraints and sundry wraps in this *Slippage* are mostly visual flair, released quickly when the fucking starts. Only fetish model Karina Kay remains trussed throughout—a voyeuristic counterpoint to the hard-core action. Title star Shay Jordan has a sultry look that makes the ropes smoke, but the director wasn't afraid to surround her with equally hot ladies. Asian beauty Priva offers up a tight ass in her scene, with enough poise to make anal look like sex the way nature intended. And Latina bombshell Daisy Marie is as fuckable as ever (even if we're still getting used to her unnecessary boobjob). Slip *Slippage* into your player on one of those rare days when you want to indulge your smut addiction—but still feel classy doing it. ***—M.J.***

Audrey Hollander—with the help of horny aliens Dylan Ryder and Otto Bauer—shows us why ***Everybody Loves Lucy.***

Everybody Loves Lucy

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JEROME TANNER. STARRING: AUDREY HOLLANDER, KYLEE REESE, RICKI WHITE, OTTO BAUER, CHENNIN BLANC, DYLAN RYDER, LEE STONE, JAY LASSITER & JOHN STRONG.

Never let it be said that XXX duo Otto Bauer and Audrey Hollander fear a challenge. Tackling the most familiar characters in TV history took brass balls. We'll tactfully sidestep the whole issue of whether they pulled it off or not and just say Audrey is pure eye candy as Lucy. You can finally indulge your depraved fantasies of the zany redhead venturing into double-anal territory. Lucy was a trailblazer, all right! No doubt Ms. Ball's ballings by Cuban hubby Desi Arnaz were pretty raunchy. So it's neat that TV's first couple are played by porn's XXXtreme real-life pairing. It also makes this the filthiest boob tube spoof so far. And while none of the tasty side talent—including Dylan Ryder as a muff-diving waitress and Kylee Reese as a slutty showgirl—can outshine Audrey's alien abduction scene, they flesh out their cameos nicely. You can enjoy Lucy and Ricky "Dickhardo" in vintage black-and-white or glorious color. (The gorgeous costumes and sets work great in both.) Leave it to Otto & Audrey to put the meat in Vitameatavegamin! ***—M.J.***

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Alexis Texas joins the titular Lisa Ann in ***You're Nailin' Palin.***

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All Eyes on Me

ALETTA OCEAN

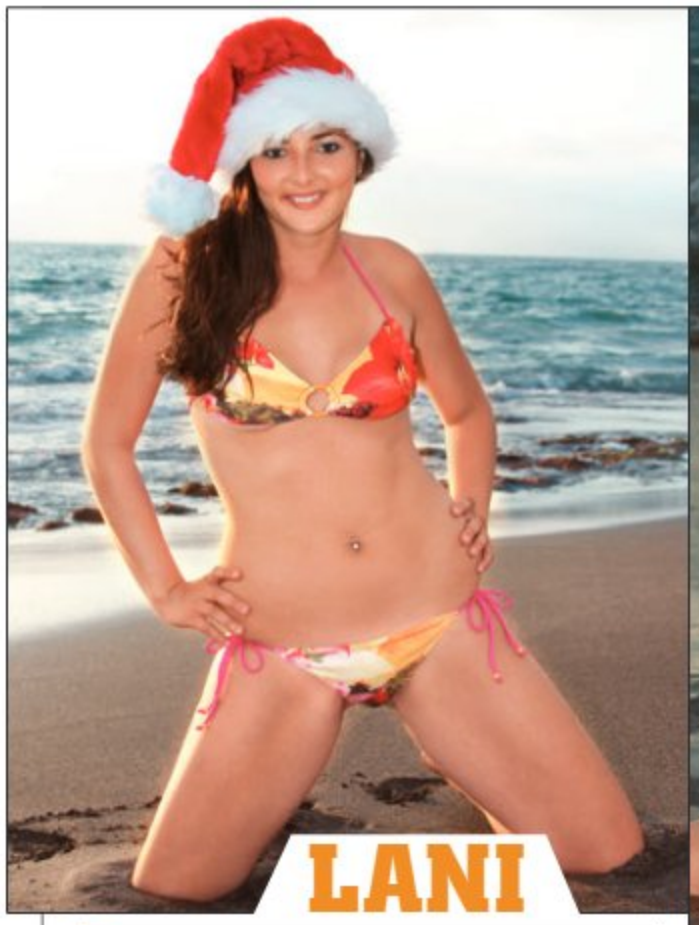
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

Aletta Ocean has her eyes on the prize: "I've moved to America with some very specific goals," says the Hungarian hottie. "I want to be rich, famous and happy. I want to meet men who can provide for me in and out of bedroom. I want a group of hot, sexy girlfriends who are willing to play with me and my man. I want to live American dream."

Aletta is more than meets the eye: "I'm not bimbo. People see me on the surface and think, *She's another bimbo with big boobs.* I'm not. I'm very well-educated and very well-read. It's great to be beautiful, but if you don't have brains to back up, it's a waste."

Aletta is one to keep an eye on: "I am going to be favorite adult actress very soon. Forget about Tera Patrick, Jenna Jameson and Sasha Grey. I'm the next big thing in porn. I have drive and desire to make it to top. Just watch me."

ALETTA OCEAN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Budapest, Hungary | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 127



LANI

"I am young and just starting to feel out the world and my sexual side," reflects Lani, a "sometimes-shy, polite and loyal" 19-year-old from Lahaina, Hawaii. "It sure is fun trying out all this new, exciting stuff!" That encompasses losing her virginity, crossing the nude-modeling threshold and donning a Santa cap for the first time ever at a beach, her fave hangout. Welcome to HUSTLER! "I hope my pics get your readers in the holiday spirit," heralds the 5-foot-5 Virgo. "I like to be seductive, mysterious and romantic, but being in front of a camera makes me feel extra-sexy!" Lani, who's single and eyeing a career as a counselor, recalls a watershed tryst: "While partying with my boyfriend at the time and his best friend, we started watching a porn flick, and one thing led to another!" And how's this for stocking stuffers? "I love to have my boobs caressed, but I get superheated-up when a guy rubs his dick on my clit before he slips it into my kitty kat!" —Photos by Friend

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

MISSY

Providing a second helping of HUSTLER-style holiday cheer is this perky bank teller from Ormond Beach, Florida. "After my boyfriend and I unwrap our gifts, he gets to unwrap me and be treated like a king," chirps Missy, 32, who doesn't mince words when it comes to her "satisfying" sex life: "I'm spontaneous and adventurous. I love foreplay and being on top so my guy can grab my ass while I slide up and down his pole." The 5-foot-4 vixen has also served up a sugarplum fantasy: "With my boyfriend dressed up as Santa Claus, I want to make a videotape of me sitting on his lap, naked of course, and being very naughty." Ho, ho, ho!—Photos by Boyfriend

FUNSIZE

"I'll only have this body once, so why not show it off?" toots Funsize, a 4-foot-11, 95-pound MILF from Wright City, Missouri, who works at a gas station and fills her leisure time with assorted hijinks. "I enjoy cooking, cleaning, roller-skating, networking, partying and having lots of sex," the "submissive and bi" 28-year-old discloses. "Once you get me going, I can't stop. I am very good with my mouth and not shy to show it. I love sucking a man off and letting him come all over my face while being filmed. I also love role-playing, and it turns me on to be called a dirty little whore in bed. But I get off having sex in public and other fun places too. I seduced a store manager during a job interview. What can I say? I got the job!" Looking ahead, Funsize muses, "I would one day love to be a stripper, nude model and porn star. Another big fantasy is having sex on a golf course. I like the feeling of a man's balls lying on my rough." Meet Miss Right! —Photos by Boyfriend

CARAMEL

"I am a seductive temptress," asserts this "adventurous, unpredictable and hilarious" head-turner from Lexington, Kentucky. "I can make any boy hot without even touching him." Once a G-string diva, Caramel, 28, now sells cars. But our readers are getting the best deal imaginable: seeing what's under her business attire. "Nude modeling is something I've always wanted to do," notes Caramel, whose hobbies are "boxing lessons, break dancing, singing—I do shows from time to time—networking and partying." As for sex, the 5-foot-5 knockout professes, "I'll try anything once, twice if I like it. I am the perfect guy's girl. I have a tight pussy, I love football, and I'm straight. But I have had a threesome with two girls. Extremely fun!" Caramel, a Dallas Cowboys fan who savors "gentle, whisper-in-my-ear" romancing with her beau, impromptu romps away from home and rough stuff—like "hair-pulling and hanging upside down in our sex swing"—boasts a handy bonus: "I used to be a cheerleader. So, yes, I am very flexible!" She's also very outspoken. The pizza-loving hottie, whose fave TV shows are *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* and *Californication*, fantasizes, "I'd like to meet George W. Bush so I could shake his hand for being the biggest fucking idiot in America." —Photos by Boyfriend

SHEENA JANE

"I like taking naughty pictures because I'm a pervert," trumpets this 28-year-old from Sacramento, California, who's also the lead singer in a metal band. "In bed I'm an animal and aggressive. When I'm with my man, I can't get enough of him, so I'll put a vibrator in my cookie while he does me in the rear." Bisexual Sheena Jane's other kicks include "hunting for girls at the local goth club" and *COPS*. "I like watching people get busted," the 5-foot-3 Necrophobic acolyte quips. "I'm a law-abiding citizen!" With a 32G bust and a history of boning in alleyways and graveyards! For a salivating fantasy, Sheena Jane sighs, "I want to be in an all-girl orgy." —Photos by Boyfriend

SANDY RAMMER

"As long as I can remember, I have been eating, sleeping and breathing HUSTLER," coos Sandy Rammer, 23, a "freaky thrill-seeker" and aspiring porn star from Gainesville, Georgia. "The thought of millions of guys beating off to my pictures is a dream come true." Sandy—a boating, traveling and role-playing enthusiast who was deflowered by "two strangers on a cruise ship" as a teen—is quite a mate. "I'm a straight but bi-curious slut who gets off making, watching and feeling a guy react to my addictive, semi-aggressive approach to the ride of his life," the 5-foot-4 jezebel relates. "I love having an enormous cock throbbing in the back of my throat or banging at my pussy—rough, hard and fast!" Ms. Rammer, whose "dream is to be in a HUSTLER spread or movie," is also an amorous roamer. "I've fucked on top of a New York City skyscraper, on the back of a bus, next to a dumpster and in a car at a drive-thru," the naughty newbie rattles off. Sandy is dandy! —Photos by Boyfriend

LINDSAY

Spurred on by the fella she spoils, here's a shipshape clerk from Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Taking inventory, Lindsay begins, "I like music, movies, shooting hoops, surfing the Internet and collecting anything associated with witches." Also big on Snow White and karma, the 5-foot-4 newcomer continues, "I'm outgoing, bubbly, bitchy, goofy, weird and sexual. I love doggy-style. That gets me going. So does a vibrator. I also love sucking my boyfriend's cock. That's the ultimate turn-on! Looking at women gets me horny, but I have no desire to go down on one." But Lindsay is down for derring-do. "My guy and I fucked in a men's room at a discount store," she recalls. "It was pretty cool. Doing something forbidden made the sex even better!" With *Beaver Hunt* under her belt, Lindsay has another target: "Now that I'm 21, I want to flash at Mardi Gras." —Photos by Boyfriend

VIKTORIYA

"Being back in HUSTLER is great!" raves this 23-year-old "extrovert" from Rancho Cordova, California, who first came our way in December '07. "I'm married now and a new mom, but I still love posing for nude pictures and looking at the girls in *Beaver Hunt*. My husband and I love Morianna. She's supercute. I'd like to be her pen pal." To say the least, Viktoriya is a super wife. "I take care of my husband in every way," the 5-foot-2 booby doll imparts. "I love doggy-style, and I'll try anything once. My latest treat for hubby was masturbating with a giant zucchini." Rounding out her personal résumé, the zesty sweetie also digs "rough sex," hanging with friends, target-shooting and *The Girls Next Door*. "It's a stupid show," Viktoriya acknowledges, "but fun to watch." So's the dreamboat, who's very smart—she was once a book editor—and smart-looking to boot. Finally, having been intimate with a few gals, not to mention "doing two guys on a crazy night in a hot tub," Viktoriya vows "to shoot explicit pictures with a hot girl and send them to HUSTLER." Super! —Photos by Husband

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

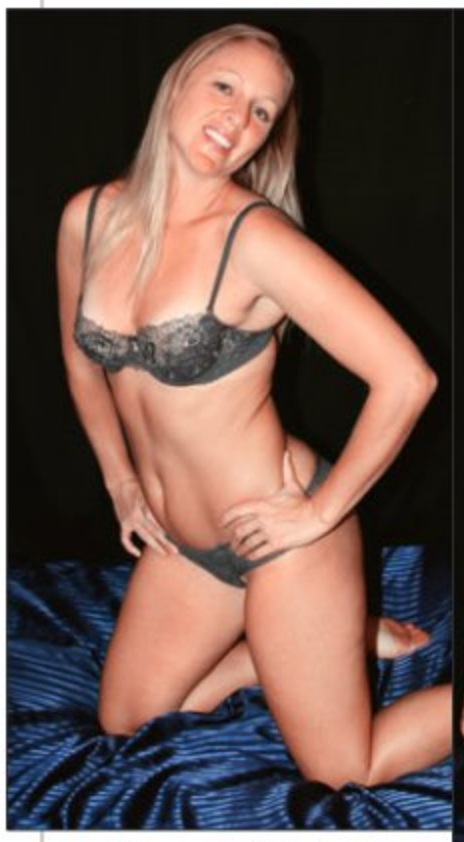
JADE

"Your readers can judge me and do whatever they like."

"I like to be the center of attention," fesses up this 19-year-old waitress from Fort Worth, Texas. "I'm very seductive, and I can get whatever I want." Garnering a *Beaver Hunt* showcase, the 5-foot-4 filly's first skin-mag foray, Jade confides, "I'm really into sex, especially threesomes. Since I love being spanked, my favorite position is doggy-style, and I've been known to oblige a guy who wants to fuck me in the ass. I get off pretty good that way." Jade, who's glued to the tube when MTV airs *The Hills*, is also keen on solo thrills. "I'm newly single," she reveals. "I masturbate here and there." On that note the partying and hip-hop buff spouts, "I want to have a threesome with Johnny Depp and Keira Knightley." Jade has a closing surprise, and it has nothing to do with *The Notebook* being her top movie pick: "My boyfriend and I just broke up, and I got to rub it in his face by having sex with the older man I asked to take pictures of me." How jaded! —Photos by Lucky Friend

"My bad. The photographer got to shoot more than just pictures!"

SARAH MARIE



"I wanted to be in a magazine before I got too old and no one would want to see me naked," reckons Ocala, Florida's Sarah Marie, 28. "I'm bubbly and outgoing, and I'm not too shy about my body. If you've got it, flaunt it!" Consider that credo an offshoot of the golf and workout aficionada's line of work. "I like helping others feel better," Sarah Marie avows. "That's why I became a physical therapist." Of course, what makes the 5-foot-4 Sunshine Stater feel better than ever is an orgasm. "My best ones come from doggy-style with my hair being pulled and my ass spanked," Sarah Marie gushes. Although she has no inkling to get down in a commercial video—"My family would kill me!"—the "home nudist" admits, "My boyfriend and I watch porn sometimes to get us in the mood. We even made our own tape one night; it was the best sex ever!" But fare like *The Hills* and *CSI* will do the trick. "I don't mind having a quickie while watching TV," declares "bi-curious" Sarah Marie, whose carnal fantasy is "to find the right girl to cross the line with." —Photos by Friend

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Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

Real College Girls applicants: check box below. ☐

City | State | Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER HURD

Snow Ball

MARCH 1977
HUSTLER CLASSIC

Nikki is anything but an icebox. Whether she is frolicking on a mountain of snow or mound of soap chips, she is always warm and slushy where it counts. The Boulder, Colorado, coed learned to ski at nearby Vail, Gerald Ford's favorite winter resort. And judging by her unique style, we wouldn't be too surprised if the former President gave her a few lessons.

NIKKI

Nikki's favorite fantasy is having sex while skiing. "But for me that would be impossible," she laments, "since I'm such a bad skier to begin with." Once, though, she and a professional skier from Sapporo, Japan, tried to fuck while riding a chairlift in broad daylight. But the nippy weather and numerous onlookers frustrated her only attempt at sex on the slopes.

Although her technique is far from perfect, **Nikki** still likes the challenge of going down with the best hot dogs—even if they do finish first.

The January '10 issue goes on sale November 17, 2009. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

KAYLA HART

COMING NEXT

LARRY FLYNT: COMMON SENSE

"The government has been taken over by Wall Street, the megacorporations and the super-rich," Larry Flynt declares. "Both Democrats and Republicans dance to the tune of their corporate masters. Our country has been stolen from us." In a clarion call, HUSTLER's publisher is demanding that politicians once again answer to their constituents, not the rich and powerful.

A DAY IN THE LIFE: MARIE LUV

Ever hear of a porn star who'd talk about fucking well-hung studs and dealing with "nasty spunk" in front of her mom? Meet brassy A-lister Marie Luv, who gives writer Anthony Kennedy an earful of skin-biz scuttlebutt, then takes him on a whirlwind quest for a strap-on dildo.

THE NEW RAGE: CONSENSUAL INFIDELITY

Cheating has been a human foible for eons, but nowadays countless husbands allow—if not encourage—their wives to have sex with other men. Some even insist on watching. As journalist Michael Kaplan observes firsthand, cuckolds and their wayward mates have come up with a kinky way to spice up their marriages.

ELECTRIFYING MARVELS OF TOMORROW

In the race to produce electric-powered vehicles that are more than just eco-friendly, automakers are utilizing state-of-the-art technology and mind-blowing futuristic designs. Liane Yvkoff scopes out a handful of prototypes that seemingly flew out of a comic book, notably the Aptera 2e, Courrèges Zooop and Nissan's Pivo 2.

WILLIAM GREIDER: THERE'S STILL HOPE

Ten years ago William Greider, national affairs correspondent for *The Nation* and a longtime observer of runaway capitalism, warned that our economy was heading into the shredder. In an exclusive Q&A the noted reporter explains how corporations, bankers and politicians are sucking us dry, but he has faith that the American people will step up and save our once-thriving democracy.

A TALE OF TWO TITTIES: JANE RUSSELL

The silver screen has had its share of voluptuous beauties, but none made a splashier debut than Jane Russell in 1943's *The Outlaw*. Displaying as much cleavage as the censors of her day would allow, she became a film icon and later—in her 50s!—the spokesperson for the Cross Your Heart bra. Ted Newsom looks back on one of Hollywood's greatest figures.